Letter to a Secret Reader *Robert Brustein*

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts — September 26, 1970, 50 cents

The Black Principal

Another Vanishing American

J. C. James

Vietnam Cooker —*John Osborne*

Israel Against the Wall —*The Editors*

They're After Adlai —*Paul R. Wieck*

Shaw on Shaw —*Alex Campbell*

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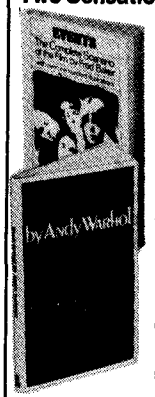

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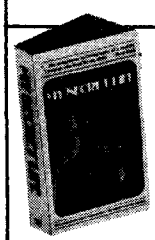

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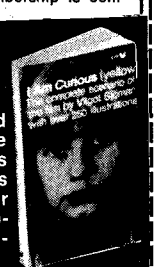

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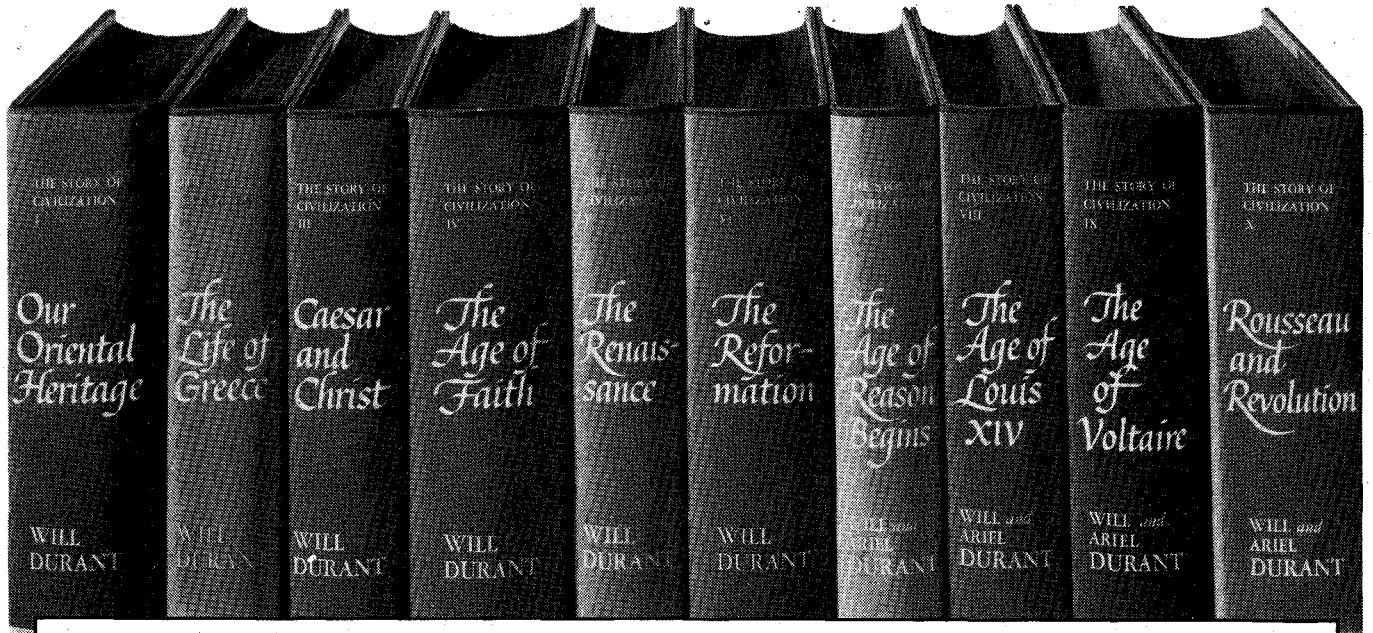

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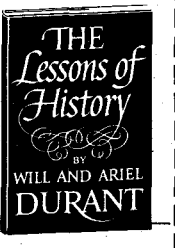

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from Washington

Burlesque

We think President Nixon will not permit Vice President Ky to come to Washington to address a pro-war rally here Oct. 3, under the auspices of fundamentalist minister Dr. Carl McIntire. The visit would be disastrous for the Administration. Somehow or other, we think, it will be blocked, perhaps before this appears in print. Think what you want of the war, a defense of it under such auspices would be a sickening desecretion of the 40,000 young men who have given their lives in a far off land.

Dr. McIntire declares flatly that Ky is coming and that he will deliver a speech that "will out-Agnew Agnew." We'll see. The *St. Louis Post Dispatch* calls Ky "that natty little Hitler-lover." As for Dr. McIntire, he is the bombastic Protestant fundamentalist who supports Rev. Ian Paisley, the Ulster firebrand, and who entertained and lionized him here in 1968 and 1969 while he was promoting turmoil against the Catholics and resistance to the Irish and British parliaments. There are ways of applying pressure to Ky. We do not believe Mr. Nixon can permit such divisive support, from such a spokesman, under such a sponsor. It will reduce the miserable war – the worst mistake in foreign policy in American history – to its ultimate degradation, burlesque.

With friends like that the Vietnam war doesn't need enemies. When Mr. Agnew was in Saigon he urged Ky to return his visit shortly. Dr. McIntyre saw the chance and booked Ky for his rally. The horrified State Department tried to head it off and Dr. McIntyre dashed to Saigon to confirm the visit. As of this writing, it stands.

The McIntyre party set up a press conference here at the National Press Club last week. Mobile walls were rolled in to partition off a section of parquet floor, a lectern was planted below the curved ledge of the blue-curtained ballroom stage, under flags of the states; there were seven microphones, five motion picture tripods, bright lights and maybe 40 onlookers, including one of the Reverend's acolytes, in a V-for-Victory T-shirt, who said "Hear, hear!" from the rear.

Dr. McIntire came in with eyes red from traveling at a killing pace, placed his attaché case and a limp-leather Bible on the stage behind him and addressed us benevolently. His gray hair glistens with some kind of hair fix and his slightly protruding eyes look dead-tired and his flesh flabby. This is the man whose voice sounds over 620 radio stations daily on the 20th Century Reformation hour in diatribes against modern life and godless communism, and who twins the symbols, the Cross and the Flag. He is a large man with pink face and sharply acquiline nose, cleft at the end. He is, to be fair, rather attractive until he assumes the stern Calvinist look.

Vice president Ky, he said will demand total victory. Speaking of future events he used the phrase "in the providence of God" with a nice reverential note. He likened America's role in Asia to the "Good Samaritan" and explained with relish that he expected 500,000 at his rally in "a great gathering of hawks, to take out after the doves." As a kind of afterthought he added, "I'm going out to teach the gospel of Jesus Christ."

His big message was that if Mr. Nixon will just loose his military leaders the war can be won "in eight weeks." His relationship to the President was fascinating. Here was a man extolling Mr. Nixon's Agnew, rallying a pro-war multitude against "student hippies" (whom Mr. Nixon calls "bums"), denouncing senatorial critics whom Mr. Nixon loathes, and quoting specifically the chauvinistic words of Mr. Nixon in past times. He supports Mr. Nixon and the war at all points and the thing is a horrible caricature.

He said he had tried "five times" to see Mr. Nixon at the White House. His tone was neutral. But he spoke darkly of unnamed figures at the State Department attempting to keep Ky away. He interrupted a quotation from Mr. Nixon to exclaim "Why, I have it here!" turning and riffling through his attaché case. He came up with Mr. Nixon's article (*Reader's Digest*, August, 1964) "Needed in Vietnam: The Will to Win." The President-to-be called for all-out victory.

Maybe Dr. McIntire doesn't know it, but the bellicose *Reader's Digest* was filled with ardent Nixon appeals in the '60s. In 1964 (January) Nixon denounced shilly-shallying over the Hungarian revolt: "We should have broken off diplomatic relations . . . permitted organizations of 'volunteers' . . . recognized a government-in-exile." After the Bay of Pigs he wrote (November, 1964) that he had given advice to Kennedy: "I would find a proper legal cover and I would go in." But, alas, "liberal" advisers "began at once to nibble away at the new strong policy."

Then and now Mr. Nixon clothes his views in a moralistic raincoat inherited from John Foster Dulles. "The question is one of simple morality," he said of Vietnam (December, 1965), "we are fighting not just in the interest of the United States but for peace, freedom and progress of all people."

Negotiate? asked Mr. Nixon (December, 1965). "The lesson of all history warns us that we should negotiate only when our military superiority is so convincing that we can achieve our objective at the conference table – and deny the aggressor their's." No wonder Paris negotiations haven't got far.

Dr. McIntire is getting a good deal of mileage out of the war. He organized an earlier rally which brought in somewhere between 10,000 and 50,000 people, which he claims were 100,000. Permit for the parade came with the help of Rep. Mendel Rivers, powerful chairman of the Armed Services Committee. He has been associated with Strom Thurmond, John Rarick, Lester Maddox, George Wallace and Spiro Agnew. Directly or indirectly he is now getting support interchangeably from the Liberty Lobby and the John Birch Society.

In a sense what Dr. McIntire is doing with the war is what the hard hats and super-patriots are trying to do with the flag, making it a cult – a partisan symbol. The jaunty little Ky will become a war lobbyist in America's capital if Mr. Nixon does not intervene. Doves have denounced the war, but this is more damaging; in its final debasement it is becoming ridiculous.

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Israel Against The Wall

If they were known, the private thoughts of Israel's Prime Minister, as she again made the rounds in Washington, might be unprintable. And to understand why, one must recall what happened following the acceptance on August 7 by Israel, Jordan and the UAR of the US-initiated, stand-still 90-day cease fire. A cardinal provision of that agreement read: "Both sides will refrain from changing the military status quo within zones extending 50 kilometers [30 miles] to the east and the west of the cease fire line. Neither side will introduce or construct any new military installations in these zones. Activities within the zone will be limited to the maintenance of existing installations at their present sites and positions and to the rotation and supply of forces presently within the zones." Israel's endorsement of the cease fire was unconditional, and we were led to believe that the Soviet Union had given Washington a "categorical commitment" to abide by the restrictions against any build-up of positions within the Egyptian sector of the zone.

Six days later, August 13, the Israeli Defense Minister charged that "on the night that the cease fire went into effect, the agreement was violated by the Egyptians, who advanced Egyptian and Soviet missile bases toward the Suez Canal." The Americans, Moshe Dyan said, "bear a heavy responsibility. They initiated the cease fire, and we agreed to it only after they had informed us that the Russians would abide by the stand still." Further violations were subsequently announced by the Israelis, but not confirmed by Washington – either because our Intelligence was not able to make a definitive judgment that quickly, or because it was hoped that by ignoring or downplaying the violations, they might cease and the peace talks go forward. Thus on August 16, Secretary of Defense Laird stated that it was "very difficult to prove or disprove" the charges, and that the US government had no proof that promises had been broken. Two days later, the Soviet Union dismissed the Israeli allegations as "fabrications," and in the process quoted Mr. Laird. On August 19, Washington finally acknowledged "a forward deployment of surface to air missiles into and within the zone west of the Suez Canal around the time the cease fire went into effect," but repeated that evidence of a continuing build up was "not conclusive." The state of mind of the Israelis at this point can be imagined. It was not until

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September 1, that the US government announced it was "satisfied" the UAR had indeed violated the truce, and the evidence, obtained largely by U-2 observation planes and satellites, had been put before the President. When Israel's foreign minister, Abba Eban, remarked last week that Israel had "the unpleasant feeling of having been duped," he might have added that the Israelis had company. The US, too, had been duped. Either Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin had not been told the truth by his government, or he was told to lie and did. More importantly, as a consequence of the missile buildup Israel is pushed to the wall. Israeli jets no longer scream through the skies over Egypt; the French Mirage and the US F-4 Phantom no longer sweep over the Nile and the Delta. And the reason they stay east of Suez is not primarily because of a badly battered cease fire agreement, but because of the increase and effectiveness of the surface-to-air SAM-3 missiles and other modern Soviet armaments that have been pouring into the UAR. The equipment now in the hands of the Egyptians, along with the training and direct assistance given by the Russians, transforms the Arab force into something new and formidable and radically changes the balance of military power. No one should be misled by the miserable performance of Egypt in 1956 and 1967. At the time the Israelis introduced the Mirage and the F-4 into aerial combat, they were superior weapons and highly effective; Israel enjoyed unchallengeable air supremacy. The arrival in Egypt of SAM-3 missiles in quantity, of a sophisticated supporting radar system, and of the newest MIG-21J has changed that. The Israeli air force has had to draw back out of reach.

"I find travel broadening, don't you?"

Not only is Israel confronted with a shift in the military balance between itself and the UAR, but with the growing, demonstrated power of the Palestinian guerrilla movement, which hopes not only to liquidate Israel, but the government of Jordan which had given it sanctuary. By definition, these guerrillas are volunteers, dedicated, ready to die, not subject to or amenable to any restraint or any international agreements. In the 48 hours after the cease fire went into effect, El Fatah announced that it had made 50 raids against Israel; on August 8, two Israeli settlements were shelled by guerrillas from Lebanon.

Under these circumstances, how is the United States to give meaning to the Secretary of State's statement of June 7, that it is "in our best interests to be sure that Israel survives as a nation"? A part of the answer may lie in Senator Fulbright's suggestion of a formal US guarantee of Israel's territory and independence, for we know that the state of Israel alone cannot assure its survival; abandoned by the United States, it is a lost cause. And there are Americans, some in government, who wouldn't mind if it were lost, who would like to buy in on the Arab side, even at the sacrifice of Israel. If it came to that, of course, they would, like the walrus, "deeply sympathize" and hold their pocket handkerchiefs before their "streaming eyes." But they would bear the loss stoically.

Making public our government's displeasure with Soviet connivance in the violation of the cease fire might do our hearts good, but it will not undo what has been done along the Canal or prevent more of the same. If the peace is to be kept and Arabs deterred from risking a new, full-scale attack, the Israeli position must be strengthened. There are times when speculating about a "solution" is useless. The best that can be hoped for now is a halt to the deterioration in Israel's capacity to meet and defeat any attacks against her. That requires prompt reinforcement of the Israeli military with first-line weaponry, and especially electronic counter measures designed to frustrate the guidance systems of Soviet missiles. In addition, the US Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean should be beefed up as quickly as possible.

The miscalculation of US national interests and priorities that has marked our Indochina policy for a decade, has never been more evident – billions of dollars and thousands of lives wasted in a civil war to decide the relatively unimportant question of who governs Vietnam, while the Middle East goes from bad to worse, the guerrillas bent on the dismemberment of Israel grow in numbers and audacity, and the Arabs become more and more dependent on the Soviet Union as provider, paymaster and tutor.

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See Them Strike

With inflation pinching workers, dwindling profits squeezing business, and an Administration that refuses to provide guides for the setting of wages and prices in line with some reasonable concept of the national interest, the probability of numerous work stoppages becomes a virtual certainty.

A strike beginning in the auto industry last week involved nearly 350,000 workers, and another against the railroads, halted temporarily by court injunction, could idle an additional half million if it spreads to the entire industry. The total number idled by strikes throughout the nation, including the auto but not the railroad workers, is now close to a million, three or four times the number a year ago, according to unofficial estimates. The threatened railroad strike was a special case, and the President was expected to intervene promptly, when necessary, or risk crippling the economic life of the nation. Under the Railway Labor Act the President can block a strike 60 days, and has other powers to invoke emergency arbitration. But in the other disputes the prospect for intervention is remote, not only because statutory authority is weaker, unless the nation's health or safety is jeopardized, but because of deliberate intent. As Senate Republican Leader Hugh Scott explained, "This is the kind of Administration that respects collective bargaining." But bargaining that breaks down in strikes or lockouts is more accurately called economic warfare.

As in shooting wars, the impact spreads well beyond those directly involved in the fighting. Strike benefits, payable by the unions to their affected members, range from $30 to $40 per week, as long as the strike fund lasts. Families living on such stipends are going to have to cut expenditures, which will in turn depress the incomes of tens of thousands in retailing and other industries. Even more important is the impact on the concerns that customarily supply strikebound industries. General Motors, the initial target of the United Automobile Workers, alone absorbs fully 10 percent of the nation's total steel production. When GM closes down, even though Ford, Chrysler and American Motors may temporarily take up some of the slack, steel workers are bound to be laid off. Joblessness and declining incomes are as contagious as the common cold. The contagion comes at a highly unpropitious time, since the overall unemployment of the nation stood at 5.1 percent in August and is still rising.

The mounting pressure for higher wages, in the light of inflation, and their potential effect on the strike pattern and the price level, were not unforeseen. A record number of union contracts were due for renewal this year, and some important ones are still to be negotiated. With living costs sopping up the purchasing power of incomes, there was every promise that unions would be aggressive, providing a further filip to the price level. During the first eight months of this year union workers who negotiated new contracts won an average pay increase of 28 cents per hour, for a rise of about 8 percent, as compared with 22 cents during the same period of last year. As already indicated, not all these increases were won without strikes, especially since output and profits have generally been declining. In the auto industry the conflict has been especially sharp. Leonard Woodcock, new UAW president, could hardly be expected to play patsy in his first negotiation. He initially asked for a pay boost of $1.27 per hour, or about 30 percent, in the first year of a projected three-year contract, plus liberalized cost of living and pension allowances. On the industry side there were few grounds for anticipating generosity. For the first six months of this year both Chrysler and American Motors registered deficits, while for GM and Ford profits were down materially from a year ago. The auto industry offered a raise of 28 cents an hour, or 7 percent, plus more modest adjustments in cost of living and pension arrangements, not even one-fourth of what the union was asking. Later the union lowered its demand for a first year pay boost to 62 cents per hour, while the industry offer was raised to 38 cents, but the difference remained discouragingly large.

Strikes nearly always settle industrial disputes, in time, but rarely does either capital or labor come out the winner. In the process pay is lost; so are production and profits. The public is always a loser, getting a smaller supply at a higher cost. Apparent gains in money wages, or in subsequent price boosts that overcompensate for labor costs, while real enough in the short run, tend to diminish and disappear over time, as other prices and wages rise too. The familiar spiral can continue as long as the economy is exuberant enough to sustain it, though it doesn't lead to anything but the see-saw of unemployment and inflation.

The problem is complicated, but one point warrants reiteration: The easiest thing to do is to "respect collective bargaining," let the war go on, see them strike! A harder but more constructive alternative is to devise standards in the national interest about which prices, wages, and other incomes can gravitate. Guidelines, and in some instances government restraints are needed.

Blood by the Bucket

You can sell your blood for $10 to $15 a week; one rare-blooded man in Detroit recently signed a contract to supply blood for $12,000 a year. By what's called "plasmapheresis," it's possible to give blood two or three times a week without immediate injury. In this process, whole blood is withdrawn, separated into

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plasma and red cells, and the cells pumped back into the donor. But unlike the older system of whole-blood donation, the new system is not regulated by federal licensing laws. Some exploitative plasmapheresis stations operate with minimum concern for donors and maximum interest in profit. Rightly called "bucket shops," such places pay $2 or $3 for a pint of plasma, and sometimes use unsterile equipment. Careless handling of needles and immunization procedures can produce hepatitis and other transfusion-related diseases among donors. There is no central registry to prevent a donor selling plasma to several different stations, no limit to the number of pints he may give, no law requiring him to be fully informed of the risks, no inspection save by the companies being supplied.

Plasmaspheresis operates under a Public Health provision known as "short supply." Introduced in 1948, it was designed to make rare blood types available to manufacturers across the country, by lifting certain license restrictions. Plasma was classified as a short-supply commodity, and pharmaceutical corporations were allowed to solicit from unlicensed operators. The blood industry has blossomed since. Dr. Roderick Murray, Director of the Division of Biologics Standards at NIH, recognized publicly that the situation was out of hand and issued a warning to plasma distributors, saying that "the entire program must be re-examined." He warned manufacturers they may be asked to show why they must rely on short suppliers. The National Research Council, a subdivision of the National Academy of Sciences, wants new state and federal laws to hold plasma centers to the standards already used in whole-blood donation. Donors should be examined and warned of the danger of receiving viral hepatitis or incompatible blood. A limit would be set on the amount of plasma to be given in a week.

The American Red Cross does not use plasmapheresis, but the director of its blood program says there should be tighter control of the plasma system. What's needed now is legal action.

Peace Politics

Supporters of Hatfield-McGovern (defeated in the Senate 39-55) had to settle for what was called a moral victory. The first goal of the peace forces reinvigorated by the Cambodia invasion – legislating a cut-off date for the Indochina war – has not been achieved. And the mathematics of the fall elections suggest that the second goal – electing a Congress that will force the President's hand on withdrawal – won't be either. A *New York Times* survey of all 435 congressional districts in early September predicted that the next House of Representatives "will look very much like the present House, not only in relative party strength but also in the actual members."

There is a fair prospect, however, of some excellent candidates replacing pro-war incumbents. In Maryland last week Royal Hart, a Democrat in the Fifth Congressional District beat former Congressman Hervey Machen, and Democrat Paul Sarbanes won over incumbent Rep. George H. Fallon in the Fourth. In Massachusetts, the Rev. Robert F. Drinan (D) defeated Rep. Philip J. Philbin, the second ranking Democrat on the House Armed Services Committee in CD3. Gerry Studds (D) was the victor in CD12.

The youthful peace movement has had to trim its enthusiam to fit its budget. Michael Cole, who heads the *Congressional Action Fund* (815 Seventeenth St. N.W., Suite 424, Washington, D.C. 20006) has raised about $23,000 in small sums from young professional people who want to help selected "peace and new priorities" candidates. Cole remains optimistic that between now and November CAF will meet its goal of $100,000 for distribution among 30 or so candidates.

The money pinch has hurt. Dianne Boggs, on the staff of the *Bipartisan Congressional Clearinghouse*, the central data gathering and disseminating organization, says many groups affiliated with the *Clearinghouse* announced plans to the press last spring which, for lack of funds, never materialized. They've done useful work but not as much as they had expected to do. As a result: *Continuing Presence in Washington*, a lobbying and research outfit started by Dartmouth students has given up some of its office space to save rent and modified its programs. Expenses ran as high as $6,000 a month during the summer; now the money has dried up. *The New Constituency*, a "bi-weekly" newsletter for the peace groups put out one issue, then ceased publication for lack of cash. The *Yale Peace Commencement* raised $70,000; it had dreamed of a million. Campus field organizing couldn't be done well by phone, which is all they could afford. *The Congress of Young Professionals* anticipated a large number of $50 contributions, but they haven't been forthcoming. *Project Pursestrings'* rock concerts failed to catch on. A concert in New York's Shea Stadium didn't half-fill the seats. The $85,000 gathered by the *Universities National Antiwar Fund* has been spread thinly among 50 candidates, many of whom have scant chance of winning.

Yet the activity goes on. "We'll be back on our feet next week," said a spokesman for the *Continuing Presence in Washington*, speaking vaguely of an unnamed benefactor. *In Concert for Peace* will hold an all-Brahms concert at DAR Constitution Hall in Washington September 27. Proceeds from tickets selling for three, four, five and six dollars will go to help 10 antiwar organizations. They may be obtained by writing to 733 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Suite 227, Washington, D. C. 20005.

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Direct Election Of the President

Though last week it narrowly rejected a move to limit debate on the proposal to abolish the electoral college and substitute direct popular election of the President, which was passed in the House by better than the required two-thirds majority, the Senate is moving toward decision.

Whether the necessary vote can be repeated there, and Senator Birch Bayh (D, Ind.) hopes it can, may depend on whether the Senate first attaches to the proposal for direct election an amendment put forward by Joseph Tydings, the Maryland Democrat, and Robert Griffin of Michigan, the assistant Republican floor leader. An amendment such as this to a proposed Constitutional amendment needs the support of only a simple majority for passage.

The direct election proposal as approved by the House provides that the winner of the popular vote by no less than 40 percent becomes President. If no one gets 40 percent, there is a run-off popular election between the two top candidates. Such a system, as I have several times pointed out in these pages, would invite multiple candidacies, and run a heavy risk of ending the dominance of two major parties in our politics, and one need not be a die-hard Democrat or die-hard Republican to appreciate the consequences of that. In order to mimimize this risk, the Tydings-Griffin amendment would eliminate the run-off and provide instead that if no one gets 40 percent of the national vote, the vote is to be retabulated by states, the way it is now, and if the winner of a nation-wide popular plurality, by whatever margin, also has a majority in the electoral college, he becomes President. If he doesn't – which is to say, if nobody in the run-off has an electoral college majority, or if the loser of the popular vote has it – then a joint session of Congress shall elect a President by majority vote of the representatives and senators, each casting one ballot.

Reinserting the electoral college in the Tydings-Griffin fashion would very likely deter multiple candidacies almost as effectively as the electoral college now deters them, since only a candidate with sufficient regional strength to garner an electoral college vote could hope to gain anything by running. What he would hope to gain would be deadlock, giving him a chance to bargain in the congressional joint-session run-off. A candidate whose strength is spread more or less evenly across the country won't count for much in the electoral college, and can't entertain such hopes. Under the proposal as passed in the House, any candidate, and a number of them in the aggregate, can very well hope to produce deadlock by simply preventing anyone from getting 40 percent, and thereby driving the election into the popular run-off, with opportunities to trade support open to all.

The Tydings-Griffin amendment is thus an improvement over the popular election proposal endorsed by the House. But it is not addressed to and does not touch two other serious defects of that proposal. Direct popular election, which would be the norm under Tydings-Griffin as much as under the House proposal, would deprive cohesive, balance-of-power groups in the large industrial states of the special leverage they now have in Presidential politics. The blacks are such a group, whose influence would be diminished, and it is a wonder that liberal and civil rights organizations have supported, or at least not opposed, popular election. There are exceptions, of course, most notably Rep. William Clay, the black, Democratic congressman from Missouri, who has argued cogently against popular election, both in the House and in Senate hearings.

Any so-called Southern strategy in Presidential politics is at best a very risky business now, depending entirely on the delicate acrobatic trick of pursuing politics that attract, without quite satisfying, the South; that have appeal to ethnic and economic groups in the North and West also, and yet do not repel other groups there. Under popular election, a full-fledged Southern strategy will become a realistic possibility. Groups that will be repelled (ie, the blacks) can go hang. Who will need to carry New York or Michigan? Enough to get millions of votes there, which can be added to the large majorities on the Border, in the South, in Southern California and in solid Republican country in the middle!

The electoral college forces a Presidential candidate to think distributively; he must keep the whole country in mind, which includes combinations of small states too, and put together a national coalition. Hence strategically placed groups count heavily – and the blacks are, of course, not the only such group. Popular election will make other strategies possible.

Popular election – again, whether under the original House-passed proposal, or under the Tydings-Griffin amendment – is capable also of producing in a close race horrors of vote counting and recounting, and of charges and counter-charges of fraud, with consequent litigation and endless delay. The electoral college system counts by states, focuses the closeness of the race on one or a few states – the result in most is plainly beyond doubt, however narrow the national margin of victory – and insulates recounts and other difficulties within those states. That is why our national elections, even the closest ones, have always been almost instantly decisive. Those of us who sat anxiously before our TV sets through the night of November 5 in 1968 should try to imagine what it would feel like to sit there on and off for weeks.

Alexander M. Bickel

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Defending Consumers

Ralph Nader isn't far off when he ridicules the "powerlessness" of the consumer movement and compares it to an "expanding, gaseous verbal balloon floating over the heads of do-nothing senators." Most of the regularatory agencies inspired by earlier reformers – the FDA, the FCC, the ICC, the FTC, and others – have become "captured" by the industries they were supposed to police and have served as often to undermine the consumer interest as to defend it. To remedy this, contemporary reformers have focused on a novel concept – consumer advocacy. They want public interest lawyers to match what James Landis described as the "machine-gun like impact" of Washington law firms on bureaucratic judgments. Senator Abe Ribicoff calls this advocate function the heart of the Independent Consumer Agency Act, which he and Rep. Ben Rosenthal of New York have introduced.

Sensing the rapid change in the balance of forces on consumer legislation, the Nixon Administration has come up with a Consumer Protection Act of its own. But it would locate the advocacy function in the Department of Justice, rather than in a new agency. Senator Ribicoff thinks this would "render the whole bill meaningless," and if any bill does squeeze through this jammed-up session of Congress, Ribicoff's view will probably prevail and an "independent" version of the consumer advocacy concept will become law.

I'm skeptical whether this new institution will validate the claims of its proponents. Calling an agency "independent" will not make it so. Democratic leaders did make one wise change in the new bill from the previous Department of Consumer Affairs Act; they stripped their proposed advocacy agency of all direct regulatory function. Nevertheless, the Ribicoff-Rosenthal bill reflects the same illusion which beguiled the Progressive and New Deal reformers: locate the regulatory reform in the federal executive branch. That idea hasn't worked, especially where the regulation of a major industry is involved. Yet, the Independent Consumer Agency Act would give the President the power to appoint the agency's director, thereby making him as much an agent of the White House (and the economic interests associated with the President) as would be, for example, the Assistant Attorney General for Consumer Advocacy and Protection envisaged under the Nixon consumer bill.

Indeed, it is arguable that a new agency will provide a *less* secure setting for consumer advocacy than the Justice Department, for it would put the agency's top management closer to the White House. Possibly, an Assistant Attorney General would find himself more inclined to inter-agency mischief than would a direct Presidential appointee, who would face unceasing scrutiny from Nixon's assistant for regulatory matters, Peter Flanigan, or his successor in future administrations. As a matter of fact, the Justice Department's Antitrust Division has, under Presidents Johnson and Nixon, frequently challenged the anti-competitive proclivities of other federal agencies. In 1966, then-Antitrust chief, Donald F. Turner, took the FCC to court to abort the ABC-ITT merger. The Division has on other occasions attacked the SEC, the Department of Commerce, the CAB, and other agencies.

In contrast, Mrs. Virginia Knauer, who reports directly to Mr. Nixon has publicly engaged other members of the Administration only very rarely and gently. Such encounters as she has dared, like her 1969 disputes with the Department of Agriculture over the percentage of fat and chicken permitted in hot dogs, have seemingly been staged and coordinated by the White House. It is not easy to imagine Mrs. Knauer intervening in a case like ABC-ITT.

To be sure, Mrs. Knauer would doubtless do more as a consumer advocate before regulatory agencies, if she were given the new powers and budget contemplated by the Independent Consumer Agency bill. Be that as it may, no President wants open and vigorous discord among members of his official family. And no Presidential appointee will fail to understand that fact.

To do his job well, a consumer advocate in Washington needs two things: lots of money and political independence. So far, no one has found a way to combine the two in one institution. A new institutional form is necessary.

To satisfy the consumer advocate's need for financing (and to protect him from constant appropriation trips to Capitol Hill) the new agency should be funded by a small percentage tax on gross revenues of regulated industries. As things stand now, the consuming public pays for ATT's lawyers who promote its interest in rate increases at the FCC; should not the public at least finance its own lawyers too?

More important than money, however, is the agency's integrity. The power to appoint the head of the agency should repose, not in the President, but in the Chief Judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit. Many members of the bar may blanche at the suggestion of the federal courts being involved in matters of patronage and supervision of a controversial federal agency. Yet in this instance, the case for extending the judicial power seems compelling.

Traditionally, one of the main responsibilities of the D.C. Court of Appeals has been reviewing the actions of the federal regulatory establishment. Over the past quarter century, this responsibility has become increasingly important, and increasingly frustrating As the agencies have wandered from the regulatory paths mapped for them by Progressive and New Deal legislators, and as Congress and the White House have

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shown erratic interest in disciplining the errant regulators, the D.C. Circuit Court has felt obligated to step into the breach. The judges have played an increasingly adventuresome role. They have repudiated the myth that courts are inherently less "expert" than administrators and should therefore defer to their judgment. They have obliterated the hoary doctrines which restricted the parties who have legal "standing" to sue to upset administrative decisions. The judges have often used individual administrative cases brought to them, as occasions on which to lay down broad mandates to the agencies with respect to the public interest.

But the D.C. Circuit Court cannot play this momentous role unassisted. Advocates are needed to argue the public's side of cases, just as they are in criminal cases, where judges (not prosecutors or Presidents) are assigned the task of appointing lawyers to represent indigent defendants.

Unlike the unrepresented defendant in a criminal prosecution, however, the unrepresented public requires something more than someone to litigate isolated, individual cases against agencies or corporate interests; a consumers' advocate would have to be an institution which exercises sustained, informed scrutiny over the actions and inactions of the bureaucracy.

There is at least one precedent for this new departure. In New York State, there is a bureaucratic specie known as Mental Health Information Service. To preserve its independence from the state's mental health bureaucracy, MHIS's chief staff lawyers are chosen by the Presiding Judge of the Appellate Division (analagous to the federal court of appeals) in each district where MHIS has a division. In the First Judicial Department (Manhattan), the appellate court has fashioned MHIS into a public interest law firm, whose lawyers serve as counsel to patients in administrative and judicial cases. This institution has been functioning since 1964 with little notice outside the mental health field. The Chief Judge of the D.C. Circuit could perform just as responsibly as New York State judges in appointing and supervising a federal Office of Consumer Advocate. Most members of the D.C. Court of Appeals tend to take seriously their responsibilities for the integrity of the Washington bureaucracy, whatever their political preferences.

My conclusion is not that the Independent Consumer Agency Act, for which Representative Rosenthal and Senator Ribicoff have fought with remarkable skill and persistence, should be forgotten, but we should keep options for the future open, and not look on this year's opportunities as the final answer.

Simon Lazarus

MR. LAZARUS *is General Counsel of New York City's Department of Consumer Affairs.*

The Nixon Watch

Vietnam Cooker

The President's Vietnam cooker is at work again. What's cooking may be nothing more than a touched-up serving of the same old mess of Nixon peace pottage, but I persist in crediting Mr. Nixon with sense enough to know that something more and better than that will have to be produced between now and the mid-term November elections if his Vietnam policy is to be an asset rather than a liability to the Republican candidates, particularly for the Senate, in whose behalf he is using the power and prestige of the Presidency to the fullest possible extent.

That is what the President's long planned and suddenly announced trip to Southern Europe is all about. He and his in-house political advisers, notably Counselor Robert Finch, concluded many weeks ago that a show of Presidential movement and initiative abroad, in an area far removed from the Vietnam swamp, would be the best kind of campaigning that he could do at this stage for the Republican cause. They did not anticipate when the trip was planned that the vaunted Nixon peace initiative in the Middle East would be near collapse, but the unhappy circumstances could be turned to political account with the demonstration of Presidential and national concern Mr. Nixon's presence in the Mediterranean would constitute.

One would think from the official announcement of the President's itinerary and purposes that the Vietnam war and the end to it that Mr. Nixon keeps promising figure very little in his immediate business. "At some point on the trip," it was said in a noticeably casual fashion, the President would meet with Ambassadors David K. E. Bruce and Philip Habib, his chief negotiators at the abortive Paris peace talks. Where they would meet had not been determined, except that it would not be in Paris. Perhaps in Yugoslavia, where Mr. Nixon is to confer with President Tito on ways to further "peace and order in the world"? Maybe, but that hadn't been decided, either. "Don't let that spook you," a Nixon spokesman said when he was asked whether the elaborate effort to play down the Vietnam aspect of the trip hid something more than we were told. It didn't spook me, but it did inspire me to indulge in a little addition – a little exercise in putting two and three and four together – that I usually avoid in attempting to fathom this unpredictable President.

It was announced as a seeming afterthought, a footnote to the disclosure of the President's European journey, that Mr. Nixon had sent his chief domestic assistants and advisers, John Ehrlichman and George Shultz, off to South Vietnam, Japan and Hongkong on a trip that would keep them away from Washington through the rest of September. They were being sent,

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it was said, to study for the President "the postwar situation" that will confront the US in South Vietnam, presumably meaning chiefly the economic burden that the United States will have to bear in South Vietnam when and if "a postwar situation" develops there. The stated excuses for the later stops in Japan and Hongkong were transparently fragile: to look into Japan's phenomenal economic recovery since World War II, and into public housing projects in Hongkong that the White House spokesman said he had never heard of until Ehrlichman told him to give that as one reason for the trip.

Sending Ehrlichman and Shultz on such a mission was an extraordinary thing to do, and it was done at an extraordinary time. Ehrlichman, the President's Assistant for Domestic Affairs, has been deeply engaged in setting up the new Domestic Council of Cabinet members and the policy staff that is supposed to serve it and the President. It is a job that is far from finished, and one on which the President's earnest quest for intelligent policy choices and decisions largely depends. George Shultz, who doubles as a very senior personal assistant to the President and as the director of the new Office of Management and Budget, has been worked into a state of nightly exhaustion in his endeavor to restructure the old Bureau of the Budget and to assume, through it and with his small personal staff, many of the operational duties that formerly fell to Ehrlichman and his staff. That job, too, is far from finished, and I decline to believe that Shultz has been diverted from it to "the postwar situation" in South Vietnam for no better reason than that this is as good a time as any to evaluate economic and political problems that have long since been studied and evaluated in stupendous detail.

I'm lighting my way out of the jungle"

In the course of a White House briefing for the press on Mr. Nixon's hopes that Congress can be persuaded to junk the present foreign-aid program and substitute for it a new combination of direct bilateral assistance and aid fed through international loan agencies, it was disclosed that the Administration has figured out a way – Congress willing – to increase aid to South Vietnam, Cambodia and Indochina as a whole without identifying the program with the Vietnam war. The idea is to regard Southeast Asia as a single regional entity, leaving to the President the allocation to its individual countries of grants and loans authorized for the region. This seems quite sensible and, if adopted by Congress, it could be a means of assuring to South Vietnam and Cambodia in particular support on a scale that might encourage their respective governments to go along with political terms for settlement of the Vietnam-Indochina war that otherwise would never be acceptable to them. When a reporter asked the White House briefer whether it was true that economic aid to Cambodia alone under this scheme might come to a billion dollars, the official said with a guttural laugh that the reporter was talking in terms considerably more extravagant than those being seriously considered by the President's planners. It was the kind of reply that, if repeated in the proper quarters, might cause even President Thieu in Saigon to reconsider his opposition to anything approaching practical political terms for a settlement.

A speech that Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker delivered in Saigon on September 14 could be further evidence that something is up – something, conceivably, that the Ambassador doesn't much like. He has stood throughout his tenure in Saigon for sturdy and unqualified American support of President Thieu, at the cost if necessary of prolonging the war until it can be ended on Thieu's terms – which is to say, not really ended at all. The alternative is to end it by negotiation, as Mr. Nixon has been saying since May of 1969 that he wants to end it and as I continue to believe he does. That can be done only by proposing terms for negotiations that promise Hanoi and the South Vietnamese Liberation Front some place in a negotiated postwar government. Despite all of this talk about ending the war only "in a way that contributes to a just and lasting peace in Vietnam and in the world," the President has never retracted his implied undertaking to negotiate such a settlement if Hanoi will agree to negotiate at all. The invasion of Cambodia and the President's

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toughened line of recent talk make it sadly difficult to remember and believe what has just been stated, but it remains true and Ambassador Bunker must know that it is true. The prospect that some renewed effort to make it obviously true is on Mr. Nixon's Vietnam cooker could have been on the Ambassador's mind when he deemed it necessary to say to his Vietnamese audience: "We stand steadfastly beside you. You need not fear, and Hanoi has no basis to hope, that our commitment has weakened. It has not and will not. If we ever hope to move from an era of confrontation to an era of negotiation we must demonstrate now – at this point where the Communist idea of confrontation is being tested – that confrontation with the United States and its allies is costly and unrewarding."

Somebody at the American Embassy in Saigon told the *Los Angeles Times* correspondent who reported the speech that it "was not cleared by the White House." The language suggests to me that it was addressed to the White House. The Ambassador's speech reads singularly like a lecture to Mr. Nixon, the author of the phrase about moving "from an era of confrontation to an era of negotiation."

Let this exercise in speculative addition end with a small fact that may also be meaningless but that has interested me. Henry A. Kissinger, the President's foreign policy man and the co-author of his Vietnam policy, has been all but inaccessible of late to reporters who usually find him quite accessible. Something is up that he doesn't want to risk talking about. It could be something to do with the Middle East, but I think it's Vietnam.

John Osborne

Who's that Hippie I Seen You With?

They're After Adlai

by Paul R. Wieck

Chicago

The name of the political game here is pin the hippies' hair on a liberal. If that doesn't work, loop the Weatherman's noose around his neck and accuse him of being a "radical liberal" who's being financed by "ultra-left" groups. It's unrefined Agnewism and it's supposed to do the trick. But the chief target here is State Treasurer Adlai E. Stevenson III, a shy patrician whose strongest utterances are measured and whose contact with hippies has been accidental, if at all.

If the election were held today, Stevenson would probably handily defeat Sen. Ralph Tyler Smith, the colorless GOP incumbent. At least the polls say so and have since the first ones were taken months ago. But it isn't today or tomorrow. It's nearly two months away and Stevenson will have to ride out a heavily financed campaign that's already shaping up as one of the ugliest in Illinois history.

Sen. Smith hasn't made much of an impression since his first big splash when he came out strongly against the confirmation of Judge Clement Haynsworth and was then forced to recant by the White House. Since then, he's followed the White House line without a whimper. It makes him popular with party pros, but it leaves him with the image the voters initially had of him – that of an ordinary, downstate politician, which isn't too appealing in the vote-heavy suburbs of Chicago where the election may well be decided.

The opposite is true of Stevenson. He bears a distinguished political name, one revered by a majority of Illinois voters. He took a mundane political post with little political visibility and compiled a record he can sell to thrifty rural and working class voters. His disputes with Mayor Richard J. Daley, while not serious enough to result in permanent estrangement, have given him a reputation for independence.

So Smith must destroy Stevenson's credibility with the voters, and Illinois is prime territory for the Smith kind of strategy. It has been the scene of a host of major and minor confrontations over the last several years, starting with the turmoil of the 1968 convention. The subsequent conspiracy trials made a local folk hero

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out of Judge Julius Hoffman. It was Chicago's sparkling loop that the Weathermen picked for their rock throwing escapade. And one of the worst of the Black Panther incidents occurred in south Chicago. The ordinary citizen has been shaken to the core and yearns for an authoritarian figure. Mayor Daley and Spiro Agnew head popularity polls throughout the state.

A visit to Smith headquarters on Michigan Avenue is instructive. There are five pieces of literature from which to choose. The fattest is a coloring book which shows Smith doing all-American things like growing up near a big river, playing football, marrying his childhood sweetheart, serving in the Navy and going off to Springfield and then Washington to write "better laws." If you pass up the coloring book, the only way to find out about Smith is to pick up an unattractive biography that isn't going to be a best-seller, even among voters with a long bus ride ahead of them. A campaign newsletter warms up to the task by claiming Stevenson is being funded by the "ultra-left." George McGovern is mentioned; also the National Committee for an Effective Congress, which should get a snicker or two from the real radicals.

Then come two key offerings. One is a flier (it's being used for newspaper ads) featuring a brick with "peace" lettered on it. It carries a long quote from Sen. Smith praising the Illinois National Guard and local police for "restraint and effectiveness" and then says: "My liberal opponent, Adlai E. Stevenson III, may disagree. He regards some of our policemen as storm troopers in blue. This is certainly a strange viewpoint for a man whose father was one of the most sensitive leaders of our time."

But it's hippies who really mesmerize Smith and his managers. They have a brochure (also adapted to a newspaper ad) with a face half straight and half hippie on the cover with the query: "Where do you stand?" Inside, there's a little test to find out if you're a "conservative" whose "chief spokesman" is Sen. Smith or a "liberal" whose "chief spokesman" is Stevenson. Most informed persons would be unable to make enough choices from the 15 sets of statements to qualify for either. One choice is this: "We should end the war at any cost – even if it means surrendering South Vietnam to the Communists," or "I oppose surrendering South Vietnam to the Communists." Maybe you'd do better with "I am for stronger laws to curb the sale and distribution of pornographic material," or "We should not restrict the freedom of publishers or movie producers to produce or sell any material they choose."

One of Stevenson's running mates planned a headquarters opening in mid-summer and was surprised when an unusually large number of what a Chicago paper described as "hippies and assorted derelicts showed up. They'd come in response to bogus invitations that offered free food, beer, girls and a good time "for nothing." Afterwards, a free-lance photographer told a Chicago paper he'd been hired by a campaign associate of Sen. Smith to get a picture of Stevenson "with a bunch of hippies who were supposed to show." Fortunately, Stevenson was running late and the photographer didn't get the picture. Smith was scalded by the press. One columnist said Smith wasn't going for the jugular but for the groin. Smith's people denied complicity, although one aide bragged he was "looking strenuously" for that kind of picture and had decided to assign a photographer to Stevenson the next time he toured the campuses.

Will it work? A good deal will depend upon how Stevenson handles himself in the coming weeks and whether he's well enough financed to cope with the massive TV assault of Smith.

Stevenson's style could be a perfect foil. He's low-keyed, consistent in his statements and well-organized. But in this race, he's like a man with a leg strapped to each of two racing horses – the "law and order" conscious working classes who like his stance on economics, and the liberals who are fewer in numbers but who will have to produce in crucial suburban and upper income wards. He delighted liberals with his choice of Dan Walker, author of the Walker Report which spoke of a "police riot" by a few officers at the Chicago convention, as his campaign manager. But, reportedly, it outraged Mayor Daley. Recently Stevenson sent shock waves through the liberal community by naming Thomas Foran, assistant prosecutor of the conspiracy trial, as campaign co-chairman.

Walker sees the rapidly growing suburbs with their new concentration of blue-collar and white-collar workers plus Chicago's huge black community as the two crucial voter blocks this fall. He knows exactly what he needs in the suburbs. Organization. It has to be done with volunteers, so he has encouraged housewives to set up "home headquarters" in their living rooms. In the wealthy, heavily Republican north shore communities, the results have been gratifying. Stevenson's style and origins make him their kind of candidate, just as Smith's tactics have been turning them off. Highland Park, a town of 33,000, now has 60 "home headquarters." There's talk Stevenson may become the first Democrat to carry some of the wealthiest townships. It's slower in the blue- and white-collar neighborhoods which are springing up around Chicago's outer rim.

The Stevenson camp isn't turning its back on students or young people. Walker is firm about that and is integrating them with housewives to do the precinct work.

The black community is a different story. Each year, the organization's grip is loosened a bit. Chicago's

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blacks aren't apt to vote for a Nixon Republican, despite a growing concern about "law and order" among adult blacks whose widespread opposition to street gangs is causing even militants to rethink their position. But they may not vote. Hundreds of blacks aren't even registered, and white politicians aren't inspiring the ghetto these days.

Up to now, Stevenson's campaign has been on the bland side. He spent the early months touring the 101 downstate counties where he was met by a response so uniformly pleasant he calls it "the best in my 22 years of politics." Downstate, he is helped by his record as state treasurer, which contrasts well with that of Gov. Richard Ogilvie, the state's GOP chief executive. Ogilvie not only doubled state spending in two years, but the state's first income tax has gone into effect since he took over. That kind of record is almost as unpopular as hippies. On the campaign trail, Stevenson gets one of his best responses when he tells audiences he cut the costs of the state treasurer's office every year.

Stevenson has taken strong positions over a period of months but the low-key nature of his campaign plus Smith's barrage of innuendoes has caused confusion, to say the least, in the minds of some. Stevenson's stands against violence, against street gangs will have to be repeated forcefully, without at the same time putting off his liberal backers. In suburban speeches, he draws applause when he talks about "common sense" and says he "wants to put down the forces that want to make us hate each other and put them down hard." That won't be enough for the frightened inner city adult if things get worse between now and November. The greatest danger to Stevenson is not Smith's tactics, coarse as they are, but the possibility of more campus disruptions or more shootouts between street gangs and police.

The next round of Smith ads is expected to include references to such things as "pinko" sympathies. Not long ago, he told a young Republican picnic: "Somehow or another when I think of my opponent, I see red – and you can take that anyway you like." Nor is Stevenson his only target. He delighted even his critics the other day by charging Mayor Daley with "coddling" street gangs.

The White House has given the race a high priority. Smith is their kind of man – a party loyalist who takes orders. Furthermore, for every GOP-held seat lost in November, two Democrats must be unseated if the Republicans are to make progress toward their goal of controlling the Senate. Thus, Vice President Agnew opened the GOP's fall campaign on the capitol steps in Springfield, hurling such epithets as "radical liberal" at Stevenson. President Nixon came last week, and 15 GOP members of Congress fanned out over the state to speak on a recent Monday. Agnew will be back.

The Stevenson camp has no solid reason to worry – such as a gain for Smith in the polls or even alarming reports from precinct workers; yet they're sure Smith's assault on their candidate's credibility is having an impact, probably in the blue collar neighborhoods worked by the organization. For the first time, Stevenson's people are saying their man "could lose." If he does, the GOP scenario for the '70s will have been written.

Letter to a Secret Reader

An Honest, Intelligible Radical Politics

by Robert Brustein

I am writing this in the form of a letter, because I am looking for a correspondent to whom I can open myself freely. (Not the least poignant side of our dilemma is that some of us should hesitate to speak our minds for fear of giving comfort to scoundrels in high places.) For something is eating me – something with a high acid content, which increases in an atmosphere of "discreet silences." Such silences are deadly, and so they must be broken, else we will wither up with equivocation, tactful ruses, evasions, self-deception. I offer this letter out of no political motivation, in the hope that it will not be read with political eyes. It is a statement of feeling – something of a purge for me, and maybe for my secret reader too.

I have the conviction, and it grows rather than lessens, that we are living in a profoundly decadent society. Worse, I suspect that some of the very things that are taken as symbols of transformation are themselves

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further signs of decline. Our age is apocalyptic, which means that human or institutional failings of any kind can become the occasion for total refusal, so that whatever is solid and firm in our tradition is abandoned along with whatever is corrupt. A whole century of artists and teachers are being exiled from our memories as if they had never existed; and in our search for novelty and our impatience for change, the trendsetters and fashionmongers have usurped the cultural stage.

In such a time, the prophets are superseded by the trimmers, and many are tempted to pander to the hungry demands of the young. The tough biological truths of Freud are swallowed up in the squashy social idealism of the Neo-Freudian revisionists; the dark visions of D. H. Lawrence are obscured by the writhing motions of a thousand encounter groups. Newman's idea of the university as a center for liberal learning is increasingly threatened by demands for "relevance" – or by a free-floating permissiveness which brings Summerhill to higher education. The courageous individualism affirmed by Nietszche and Ibsen is swamped under a raging new conformity called "community" while the hard intelligent politics of Marx and Trotsky are drowned out by the mindless yippie yells of Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin. We are intimidated by our avant-garde and deafened by the clamor of indiscriminate protest. We dig vainly for social programs in romantic revolutionary rhetoric; we scratch for poetry in the lyrics of folk songs and rock music; and for philosophy, we are forced to turn to those without the patience to think.

The age is dominated by sentimentality; everybody feels compelled suddenly to demonstrate his good heart. But the humane intelligence is mocked by unconditioned instinct; criticism grows cowardly and patronizing; creative achievement is lost in group demands; and a fickle casualness informs our love. Affluence is employed in behalf of performance, whether by those playing roles of riches or of poverty (East Hampton socialities give parties for Indians in which only the hostesses wear tribal dress), and drug-taking, intimidation, and mob action are provided with intellectual justification. Education is designed not for the acquisition of knowledge or the development of the critical temperament, but rather for experiments in life styles, political manipulation, and social engineering, while men of reason founder in a miasma of doubts, uncertainties, and petty surrenders.

Our radicalism, in short, is permeated by many of the failures that characterize our society as a whole. And if I seem to harp on the errors of the new radical style, then this is because of a firm conviction that we cannot reverse our present situation until we develop an honest and intelligible radical politics. The evils of the present system are certainly obvious enough. The war in Indochina and the inertia of the country in the face of serious domestic problems (oppression of the blacks, pollution of the environment, economic deterioration) have weakened our faith in the viability and flexibility of American political institutions. And the Vietnam massacres, the police attacks on the Black Panthers, the gathering threat to rights and liberties, and American support of totalitarian governments abroad have exposed a side of our national character that we used to identify only with fascist regimes. These evils have been sufficiently denounced; in fact, they have been rehearsed so often that we are now in danger of producing a melodrama on the stage of American politics where the "Other" – an enemy invariably identified with the "Establishment" – is assumed to be uniquely guilty of cankers that may be ravaging us all.

What is not generally seen or admitted, however, by the radical young and their older supporters is that the "revolutionary" opposition is fairly endowed with a generous share of American brutality, just as the "counter-culture" possesses much of the brainlessness and greed of the culture as a whole. If we relax our cultural standards in the face of charges of "elitism" by the counter-culture, then we are merely exchanging one form of mediocrity for another. And if we fail to purify radical politics through frank analysis and honest criticism, then the politics of the country will remain precisely the same, regardless of who takes power. The disease is at the roots. Until we are willing to see how it affects everything and everybody, we are doomed to a repetition of the very errors we are trying to reform.

I collect these thoughts together in a letter to you, partly in the hope that they can help to make the radical movement self-conscious. For I share the belief of a number of older men on the democratic left that a monotonous repetition of self-righteous attacks on the "Other" will only result in a morally repugnant, and partially ineffective form of false revolutionism (not to mention that revolting form of fellow-travelling sentimentality known as "radical chic"). Events such as Mylai, or the murder of Fred Hampton, or the shooting of Kent State students by the National Guard compel us to go beyond simple expressions of anger and outrage to an examination of how the kinks in the psychological and political machinery of this nation may be short-circuiting us all. Such analyses are important not so we may lose ourselves in orgies of masochism or banquets of guilt, but rather to discover the means by which we can transcend our disordered inheritance, and find our way through to workable solutions.

I am admittedly harsh in my criticism of young radicals – primarily because I feel closer to them than to their antagonists on the right, and am therefore more despondent when they fail their promise. And I am convinced that they are now in deep error, despite their sometime admirable idealism. For student radicals are managing, with the aid of certain liberal intellectuals, to institutionalize the innocence that has plagued this

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country since its inception. When Margaret Mead tells us that the postwar generation has seen the planet in an entirely new way, and is therefore entirely free from taint, what is she doing but creating another myth of the garden, populated by a whole new army of Adams and Eves?

Assigning vices and virtues to whole generations, rather than to individuals within those generations, helps to keep the American melodrama playing to full houses. So does the wilful refusal of past history and knowledge. For the wisdom of the past is important precisely because it helps men overcome their innocence, just as the studies of Freud, Nietzsche, Konrad Lorenz, and countless other original thinkers are valuable precisely for what they tell us about the qualities – including the darker qualities – that all generations share. To reject the past wholesale is to doom yourself to be benighted – for until you know yourself in history, you cannot begin to think coherently about the rest of the world, or act effectively to change it. The melodrama of the "Other" is a way of perpetuating innocence, and our glorification of youth is a way of maintaining ignorance, anti-intellectualism, and the herd instinct as national norms.

The wise men of the Western tribe have all shared a pessimism of the spirit and an optimism of the will. They have known that the terrible handicaps of human nature could only be overcome through knowledge, discipline, rigor, and hard work. They were willing to accept sacrifice in their development of intelligence, and frustration in their pursuit of truth, because of a common conviction that only intelligence and truth could set us free, and bring us beyond our natures to the full realization of hopes and ideals.

Of course, I write this to you out of certain deliberate assumptions, many of which are under severe question at the present time: that human life has value, that the achievement of the artist is one of the highest tokens of existence, that civilization (including Western civilization) is worth preserving, that freedom of thought and opinion is as crucial to life as social justice and political equality, that wisdom is to be preferred over ignorance. I take it for granted also that the private, personal, and metaphysical side of humanity must be kept free from encroachments by the public and political imperatives of the time, and that the validity of an idea is not necessarily determined by the speed with which it is adopted, or the numbers of those who immediately embrace it. Finally, I believe that courtesy, civility, and decency among human beings are not to be sacrificed even for the highest motives, and that the greatest threat we face today is from totalitarian thinking – both from the right *and* the left. I have no reason to believe that these assumptions are commonly accepted in America today, but I see no hope whatever for any nation that does not make them the basic foundation of its actions and its ideals.

Yours in some melancholy,
Robert Brustein

Another Vanishing American

The Black Principal

by J. C. James

For nearly two decades now the South has been at its cunning and resourceful best in frustrating and thwarting all efforts for full implementation of the Constitutional requirement for equal educational opportunity.

Under the dual school system of the South, there had developed what was known as "Negro Education." This was a system within a system, from elementary grades through college and university, both public and private, and to the extent that de jure segregation was Southern, "Negro Education" was a regional phenomenon.

Negro schools in the South, though separate and unequal, made possible the development of a black aristocracy whose origin and substance were rooted in the system of "Negro Education." Traditionally, more black college graduates have gone into teaching than any other profession or vocation. Teaching in the Negro

J. C. James, *a Federal Executive Fellow of the Brookings Institution, spent his youth in the South, was associate dean of admissions at Howard University and chief of the Southern Branch of the Division of Equal Educational Opportunities in the US Office of Education.*

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schools of the South offered the largest job market for college and university trained Negroes, as well as the only field where there was an opportunity for unlimited advancement within the system. They could be teachers, principals and supervisors of other blacks in the local districts, and in a few of the states (North Carolina is a good example) they were members of the staff of the State Department of Education, where they had state and regional supervision over black personnel and programs in black schools. In the communities where they lived and worked, especially in the small towns and rural counties, they were the only educated blacks, and as a group formed the largest Negro middle-class – middle-class not only in terms of economics but in total outlook as well. But in addition, and more importantly, they provided a valuable image for black kids. At least they would know that there was something to do other than chop cotton for Mr. Charlie, cook in his kitchen, mop his floors, wait on his tables and perform numerous other menial chores during his lifetime. Black teachers supervised by black principals provided an image of authority and respectability, and last but not least, a better standard of living than most were accustomed to.

Perhaps not since the Civil War has anything struck the South where it lives in the way that school desegregation has. For those caught in the vise created by the transition from dual to unitary school systems, the experience can be a disaster of major proportions for which there is no adequate recompense. The black principal is a prime victim of this disaster.

In the system I have described, the Negro principal was a big man. Frequently, he was the only channel of communication between the black and white communities. He shouldered the mantle of leadership in the black community, sometimes by default and not always effectively, but he was the only one with whom the white power structure would deal; and the smaller the community, the more power he was likely to wield. Moreover, this conforms to the Southern white predilection for messianic leadership among Negroes. They like to choose their Negro leaders, who in turn are supposed to speak with authority and finality on all questions relating to the black community. This sim-

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plifies the problem of communication for the whites and, in the past, enhanced the stature of the blacks so chosen. Perhaps the greatest impact of the black principal was upon the kids who observed and aped him day after day and dreamed of standing in his shoes; and for the principal himself, it was a training ground for leadership which, for a black, was seldom available anywhere. These leadership qualities are invaluable for the black community and the nation, and their loss must be regarded as catastrophic.

It is not intemperate to state that at this time, as fast as we desegregate schools, we eliminate black principals. The pattern is clear and inexorable. Teachers are being affected also; in fact many more teachers than principals are being eliminated because of sheer numbers. But the principal is the key figure. For instance, the practice in most Southern communities is to leave the recruiting and hiring of black teachers to the principal, but with the elimination of black principals active recruitment of black teachers ceases.

A look at the border states of Kentucky and Maryland is revealing. Kentucky began to desegregate its schools on a gradual basis right after the 1954 decision, so that by 1964, when the pressure really began under Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of that year, Kentucky was well on the way toward elimination of the dual school system. But in the process of desegregating students, black schools were being phased out and black principals and teachers along with them. According to a National Education Association Task Force Report, December 1965, there were 1440 Negro teachers and 39,788 Negro students in Kentucky in 1955. In 1965, there were 1399 Negro teachers and 55,215 Negro pupils – a 3 percent decrease in teachers and a 15 percent increase in students. In 1954 the number of black principals in the state has been estimated at about 200. As of 1969-70, based on a Kentucky State Department of Education survey, only 36 black principals remain in the state, and 22 of these are in the city of Louisville, including one of the only two black high school principals left in the Commonwealth.

In Maryland, there were 44 black high school principals in 1954. In 1968, there were 31. Contrast this with an increase in the number of white principals

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from 167 in 1954 to 280 in 1968. In other words, while 13 black high schools and principals were being phased out, 113 white high schools and principals were being added. Even where there had been an increase in the number of high schools, as was the case in 11 counties, the number of Negro principals declined. Already low, there was a net loss of four black principals in these districts while there was a gain of 124 white principals in the same districts for the 1954-1968 period. In four counties – Calvert, Queen Anne's, Washington, and Worcester – there was no change in the number of high schools, yet in all but one (Worcester) the lone black principal was replaced by a white man.

For elementary principals, the story is the same. During the period under consideration (1954-1968) seven of the 24 school districts in Maryland eliminated *all* their black elementary principals. The only deviation from this trend is Baltimore City, where the number of black elementary principals climbed from 52 in 1954 to 74 in 1968. It should be noted, however, that the new principals in Baltimore were appointed to predominantly or all-black schools in a city where the school population is increasingly black. Overall, the state of Maryland has had a 43 percent increase in the number of white principals, and a 29 percent decrease in the number of black principals, except in the city of Baltimore where there has been about a 30 percent increase in the number of blacks.

And the end is not yet in sight. In May 1969, the Georgia Teachers and Education Association found that in 30 selected school districts in the state the number of Negro principals had declined from 16 percent of the total in 1963-64 to seven percent in 1968-69. In Dade County, Florida (Miami) the only black high school principal left in the system will be retiring at the end of the coming academic year. In Louisiana and Mississippi black teachers and administrators have suffered wholesale displacement.

What happens to the black principal when he no longer has a school of his own? Is he fired from the system? Seldom. He is now in the central office where he is the highly visible token of desegregation and director or coordinator of federal programs. If not that, he is given some other title completely foreign to all known educational terminology, a desk, a secretary, no specified responsibilities or authority, and all this with a quiet prayer that he will somehow just go away. To make such indignity more palatable his new assignment is frequently sweetened by a pay boost taken out of federal funds, thus relieving the local exchequer of an added burden. Depending upon his situation at the time, he may elect to retire. This has been a way out for a good many who were faced with reassignment. Perhaps the most common practice is to make him an assistant principal. In a small system where there has been only the one-grade (1-12) Negro school, he may become assistant to the white principal of the newly desegregated senior and/or junior high school; or if his building is continued in use after desegregation, he may still be retained as an assistant under a white principal in the same school where he himself was once the principal. This is the pattern even when the Negro principal is better qualified in terms of training and experience, and rated "excellent" by his superiors. The point here is that it is quite all right for a Negro to administer or supervise a school which is all or overwhelmingly black, but the moment it becomes substantially desegregated the principal must be white. Of course there are exceptions to this, but they only prove the rule. The unkindest cut of all is for a former principal to have to return to the classroom as a teacher at reduced pay, status and prestige, and irreparable damage to his self-esteem. This is not to belittle the thousands of competent, dedicated teachers, but for a former principal this is a demotion. Moreover, when this happens, he may be assigned outside his field of competence; then when he does not measure up he is accused of incompetence as a basis for dismissal.

Still other devices remain for the segregationists to use. Former black principals are being made directors of material centers. In essence, these are warehouses for the millions of dollars of supplies and equipment purchased with federal funds under various titles of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965. Other former principals are now visiting teachers, counselors, directors of physical plant or buildings and grounds, librarians, book supervisors, and a myriad of other things which defy title or description. In some few cases the assignments are genuine jobs with genuine responsibilities. Most are not.

The Negro principal has been important in the past for the position of authority and responsibility which he occupied in the system of "Negro Education" in the South. With the passing of that system, it would appear from the record that he is threatened with extinction, and the implications of this are startingly grave for Negro leadership capability in the years to come. Since the best Negro minds have traditionally gone into education, it remains the greatest single reservoir of talent and skills so necessary to the changing South, and the deliberate destruction of this valuable resource is one of the tragedies of our time.

COMING: A special report on who's doing what about the poisoning and polluting of the environment

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Five Easy Pieces

(Columbia)

Two months ago I was driving down through the Grand Tetons and gave a lift to a young man. He turned out to be a Ph.D. candidate from an eastern university who had just finished his course work and couldn't get up enough interest to write his dissertation. The whole process had turned futile on him. He had come out to Wyoming to get a job with his hands; he didn't know how long it would be before he went back. Perhaps never.

I thought of him when I saw *Five Easy Pieces*. This film is about an oilfield worker named Bobby – a chain-slinging, beer-drinking manual worker – who turns out to have been a concert pianist and a member of a distinguished musical family, who chose to drop out of his former life. Now he lives with an affectionate ninny named Rayette whom he abuses but who forgives him when he pauses to see that he *is* abusing her. Bobby reluctantly goes back to visit his family, who live on an island in Puget Sound, because he learns that his father has had a couple of strokes. And reluctantly he takes Rayette along (though he stows her in a motel near the family home).

The scene shifts: from cheap little bungalow to spacious culture-crammed country home: to bearded paralyzed patriarch and male nurse, Bobby's adoring sister, stuffy brother and his fiancée. After a brief fling with the brother's fiancée, Bobby explodes out of the house with Rayette. Very soon after, he cuts loose from her and heads off – somewhere.

I'm going to say some adverse things about *Five Easy Pieces*, so I'd like to emphasize first that it ought to be seen by anyone who cares about American film. To begin with, the photography by Laszlo Kovacs is extraordinary in a time when extraordinary camerawork is becoming common. Kovacs, who shot *Easy Rider* with joy in the rolling landscape, has a particular gift for photographing air. The sun-baked air lies heavy on the oil fields; the air in the Northwest is soft and damp. His use of planes is sharp and telling. The very last scene is a long shot of a filling station, with a giant logging truck pulling away from us up a hill and on it Bobby fleeing from the waiting Rayette. In the middle ground, she gets out of their car at the gas pump and walks toward us, toward the men's room where she thinks Bobby is. This is using the very stuff of cinema to make drama: the look of the whole shot and the different lines of motion.

Of course the director had something more than a hand in this. He is a 35-year-old named Bob Rafelson, who wrote a lot of TV adaptations and then made a film with the Monkees called *Head* (which was fairly enjoyable). Rafelson has authentic gifts. He knows how to work with actors: individually to bring out everything each one has for the role, and in ensemble balance and synthesis. He has a feeling for veristic detail: the harsh metallic look of the oil rigs nearly bruises you in your seat. He has a sense of detail: when Bobby goes into an almost empty coffee shop, a baby in the background is squalling on his parent's lap (standard equipment for small-town coffee shops) and the waitress has a bee-hive hair-do like a 17th-century Venetian wig. And Rafelson can understate nicely: a frenetic sexual scene but just enough of it to tell us something about Bobby; a parting from some hitch-hikers, whom we have met at some length, dismissed in one silent long-shot – because there is nothing more to say.

The performances are very good, with their own intrinsic truth even where the film wanders a bit. Jack Nicholson, who pierced millions as the boozy small-town lawyer in *Easy Rider*, plays the hero, Bobby, and proves that he is probably on the screen to stay a while – a long while. He has tenderness, fire of several kinds, spontaneous charm and – which he specially needs here – conviction of some depth. Two moments are particularly fine. He tells Rayette that he is going up home without her and stalks out leaving her sulking in bed; he gets in his car, bursts into frustrated obscene rage, then quietly goes back inside and invites her to come along. And in the filling station at the end, there is a moment in the men's room when he looks in the mirror. Nothing changes in his face, but we know something is happening in him. (He comes out and hitches a ride on the logging truck to leave Rayette, looking for something else, whatever it is.)

On evidence so far, Nicholson has limitations. His peak moments are filled, but there is a sense in them that he is flat-out, with no reserves (unlike Brando and Newman, for instance). His own rural accent doesn't jibe with everything – the speech of his family here, for instance. But within his limitations he has variety and strong appeal. He is starting a screen life somewhat later than James Stewart or Henry Fonda or Gary Cooper did, but he may become something of an anti-urban myth-figure like them.

Karen Black has an easy part in Rayette, the conventional good-hearted bruisable bunny, but she handles it nicely. Lois Smith, as the sister, is excellent. (What a wonderful *emotional* face for the screen.) Susan Anspach radiates refaynment as the fiancée. Helena Kallianiotes carves an effective cameo as a nutty, probably lesbian hitch-hiker. William Challee, whom I used to see with the Group Theater and who has not acted in films, has a good mask for the mute father. (I have a photo of Challee and Bette Davis in a 1929 Provincetown Playhouse production – both looking so *new*.)

The theme of the film is – well, we have a choice. Either it's the aridity of American society and of traditional culture or it's the "congenital" spiritual torment of a born Outsider. I vote for the latter because, unlike my Wyoming friend, there is very little hint of dissatisfaction in Bobby with the US as is. He dropped out of his piano career because he didn't think he was much good; he still loves music as such. He moves on from one menial job to another, from one "world" to another, not because there is any subliminal hint that he is searching for something (as was the case in *Easy Rider*) but because he is fleeing. He tells his father – in an effective monologue – that he always moves on before things go bad on him. That is not a critique of US 1970, it is a description of a spiritually enfranchised playboy of the Western world.

This indecisiveness of theme is a chief flaw in the story – by Rafelson and Adrien Joyce. (Miss Joyce also wrote the screenplay, with pungent vernacu-

(Continued on page 33)

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Alex Campbell: Shaw on Shaw

Shaw: An Autobiography: 1898-1950 by Stanley Weintraub

(Weybright and Talley; $10.00)

In this second volume of Shaw, Professor Weintraub splendidly concludes the Irish playwright's autobiography; the first volume, 1856-1898, was published last year. Shaw never wrote the story of his life. He professed to regard all autobiographies as lies, the way he professed to look on all men over the age of forty as scoundrels (himself included). He insisted that he, almost alone, had never been taken in by Bernard Shaw's reputation, the reason being very simple: "I manufactured it myself." Nor did he fancy that anything very exciting had ever happened to him, but again produced a typically Shavian explanation: "Events have not happened to me; I have happened to them." When people asked him in the course of his very long life (he died aged 94) for autobiographical details, he referred them grandly to his works, which he said contained all they needed to know, and probably a good deal more than they were capable of comprehending. Professor Weintraub has achieved a sparkling triumph by taking Shaw literally at his word. Bernard Shaw never wrote an autobiography, but he did write every line of Weintraub's two volumes, all of whose contents have been culled with loving care (and not a little cunning) from Shaw's extremely miscellaneous writings – the prefaces to the plays, the great mass of letters, the pen portraits, the newspaper articles and interviews and even a couple of pieces that Shaw kindly ghosted for two other authors (one of them being his biographer, Frank Harris). So people who possess every line that Bernard Shaw ever wrote needn't acquire the Weintraub books. All they need do is go through the Works and Letters, and do a Weintraub for themselves. They might even come up with a completely different autobiography. But it's hard to believe it would be a better one. As rearranged (roughly chronologically) the all-Shaw material throws a flood of light on the Shaw genius and character. And, as someone said of the first Weintraub volume, the sheer pleasure of watching how Shaw handles the English language is a reward in itself.

1898, which is when this second volume begins, is a very long time ago. To put it somewhat differently, the present year, 1970, is the 114th anniversary of Shaw's birth. Hasn't the world altered out of recognition in that period, and hasn't the much-publicized shock of change obliterated all old landmarks and rendered pointless Bernard Shaw's observations on life as it was lived then? Apparently not. Indeed, some things are almost eerily familiar, for instance denunciations of the media. Spiro T. Agnew would surely applaud Shaw's radical friend H. H. Champion, who in the course of a political speech that had been characterized by caution and moderation "suddenly declared that if the entire capitalist class had only one throat, he would cut it without a moment's hesitation. Whilst we were gasping at this outburst, he rushed to the edge of the platform, and pointing down at the press table, shouted, 'Look: they are all scribbling as hard as they can, though they have not put pen to paper while I was talking sensibly'."

Shaw was himself a bit of an Agnew. As a political propagandist (preaching socialism) he deliberately adopted into his arsenal "the cartwheel and the trumpet." He meant to be heard, and therefore spoke habitually at the top of his voice, so to say. Like Agnew, he never in literal fact shouted, and again like Agnew would utter the most breathtaking sentiments and absurdities, and the most provocative, challenging and insulting remarks, with a smiling courteous mien and an air of unruffled urbane amiability that, of course, infuriated his opponents and was intended to do so. But in all this Shaw displayed a gift for and a love of anti-climax, of the clown's throwaway line, that the present Vice President of the United States unfortunately for his reputation as a humorist does not share. Shaw's notion of

Surfaces

darling
you are not at all
like a pool or a rose
my thoughts do not dart in your depths
like cool goldfish
nor does your skin suggest petals
you are not *like* anything (except perhaps
my idea of what you are like

I think you are like
what our children need to grow beautiful
what I need to be most myself)
when the moon comes out I do not think of you
but sometimes you remind me of the moon:
your surfaces are unbelievably real

This is how I feel about you:
suppose
on the surface of a rippling pool
the moon shone clearly reflected
like a yellow rose
then
if a cloud floated over it
I would hate the sky

PETER MEINKE

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trumping the ace of an opponent who had declared loftily that he was no charlatan was to retort, "Well, I am." This gave Shaw the last laugh but took the wind out of everyone's sails, including his admirers who longed to take him seriously, but found themselves being constantly frustrated in this endeavor.

Shaw was a master mummer as well as a playwright. He wrote fat parts for himself to play as well as for actors and actresses, and he wore any number of masks, sometimes two or more at a time, one on top of the other. It seems very odd that no psychoanalyst has as yet come up with some dire interpretation of this need of Shaw always to be playing a part; something perhaps of peculiar nastiness out of his Irish boyhood or his poverty-stricken young manhood in London, when in nine years he wrote five long novels nobody would read, and concealed this incredible and seemingly unrewarding industry behind the quip, "I did not throw myself into the struggle for life, I threw my mother," on whose earnings as a music teacher he lived until he was almost forty. But the simple truth appears to be that the play-acting and clowning was in his blood. The Shavian relatives are a gallery of wonderful eccentrics, like the uncle who made a fortune out of secret pawnbroking, the one who committed suicide by putting his head in a gladstone bag, and the relative who late in life took to reading the New Testament, not through religious feeling but from having decided that Jesus Christ was a master of facetious repartee. Shaw himself was far from irreligious but typically invented his own religion which he called the Life Force, claiming it was what all his plays were about.

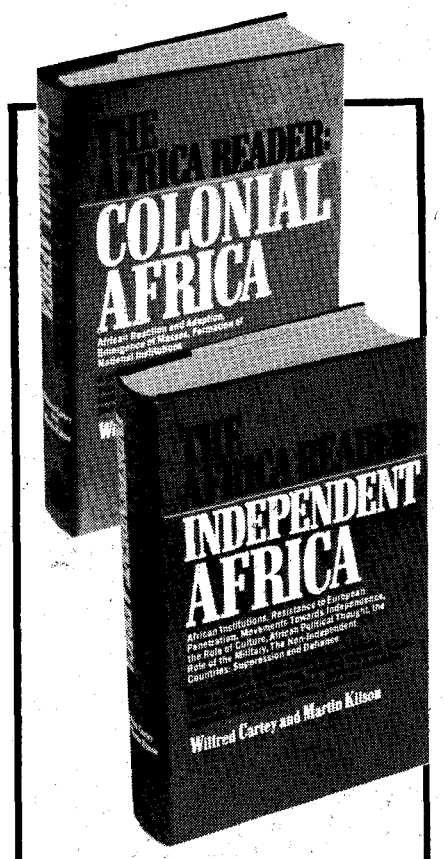
Save perhaps for *Saint Joan*, the plays may not endure (one of Shaw's trustees on the very morrow of his death ranked him as a literary figure below Thomas Hardy). Like Voltaire, and Swift whom he also resembles, Shaw may outlast his own works, in the sense of public curiosity about his personality continuing long after his plays cease to be performed. Who cares for *Zadig*, or even *Gulliver* after the age of nine? The offerings of our country's English Departments should under no circumstances be construed as living literature though they include *Gulliver*, as well as a great many of the plays of Shaw. But Voltaire, Swift and Shaw remain thoroughly alive as personalities. In that sense Weintraub's *Shaw* may outlive *Pygmalion* as well as *My Fair Lady*.

Bruce W. Eggler: The Old, the New and the Never-Never South

The New South Creed: A Study in Southern Mythology by Paul M. Gaston

(Knopf; $7.95)

Among the many myths with which the South has been burdened, by both its critics and its apologists, since the Civil War, none has been more persistent, or more harmful, than the "New South" myth that was promulgated after the war by many Southern journalists, businessmen, and politicians. These men wished to persuade skeptical Northerners that the South had indeed changed and should no longer be subjected to Yankee interference in its affairs, especially its racial policies. For the Old South – where cotton was king, Negroes were slaves, and the Union was threatened – was "dead," and (in the words of South Carolina's Edwin DeLeon as



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early as 1870) "for that vanished form of society there can be no resurrection." Already, DeLeon said, there had emerged a progressive, growing "New South, whose wants and wishes, ends and aims, plans and purposes, are as different from those of 1860, as though a century . . . divided the two."

As expressed by its leading spokesmen, like Atlanta *Constitution* editor Henry W. Grady, the New South program was to encompass social, economic, and intellectual regeneration. The old staple-crop agriculture was to be replaced by scientific, diversified small farms; outside capital and immigrants were to be used to develop the region's "unmatched" resources; outmoded agrarian values would give way to more "modern" ideals of hard work and business success. With poverty thus virtually eliminated, a prosperous South would quickly convince the North that it was no longer the home of rebels, and wished only to bury sectional animosities and cooperate (on an equal footing) in the business life of the nation.

A South resuming its rightful leading place in national affairs would, of course, not tolerate any further outside interference in full sectional autonomy on racial policies, but it would undertake to grant its blacks all the (tightly restricted) rights and freedoms they "earned" (e.g., the most prominent and "responsible" would be allowed to vote), and to provide equal, though separate, public facilities for both races. Conservative whites would be placated with numerous obeisances toward the glories of antebellum days (the result of which was to be the full flowering of the ultra-romantic, idealized myth of the Old South).

In short, no one – Northern white, Southern white, Southern black – had any just cause to fear or doubt the advent of the New South, or, in one enthusiast's words, "the coming El Dorado of American adventure." Concluded another New South leader, "Man never before conceived of such possibilities as the future holds out to us." Unfortunately, all too many readers, then and since, have taken the New South men at something near their word. This audience (including many historians) has tended to accept uncritically Grady's and the others' claims about their own high ideals and worthy aims. Even though industrialization and other forms of "progress" in the South in fact proceeded slowly, it has been frequently assumed that their advocates in the 1870s and 1880s were just visionaries before their time.

It is the greatest merit of Paul Gaston's penetrating study that such a simple, happy view of the New South movement will never be possible again. For Gaston convincingly shows that there are as many mythical elements in the popular images of the New South as in those of the preceding Reconstruction period. The plans and hopes for industrial development were so riddled with contradictions and false premises, Gaston asserts, that their fulfillment was almost impossible. New South promoters eagerly seized upon each new mill or factory as evidence of great progress, and Grady exclaimed in 1889 that "the day of the mighty harvest is here!" but actual economic gains were slight, and the South made little headway compared to the rest of the nation.

Just as economic opulence remained a merely fictional accomplishment, so, of course, did the South's "solving" of the Negro's plight. Grady might pledge that the Negro problem could be left to the South "with the fullest confidence that the honor of the Republic will be maintained [and] the rights of humanity guarded," but he also demanded that "the supremacy of the white race of the South must be maintained forever . . . because the white race is the superior race." Far from being the "last and surpassing miracle of human government," the racial program of the New South was, in Gaston's words, a hodgepodge of "dreams of equal treatment of allegedly unequal races in separate societies devoted to mutual progress." That program, not too surprisingly, led directly to the disfranchisement, total segregation, and further impoverishment of Southern blacks, and to the zenith of anti-black terrorism and lynchings. Meanwhile, Northern whites – influenced by the growing xenophobia and Social-Darwinist racism of the time, disillusioned with what they had been told of Reconstruction's results, soothed by the accommodating words of Negro spokesmen like Booker T. Washington, and convinced by years of reports and promises about the "New South" – largely did nothing.

The dream of the New South had been of an industrial Utopia; the reality was all too often company towns, low wages, child labor, and urban poverty. The dream had been of modern, scientific agriculture; the reality often remained depleted soil, low prices, and rural poverty. The dream had been of a powerful, respected, economically independent South; the reality was continuing dependence on Northern capital and subservience to Northern monopolies. The dream had been of combining needed progress with the admitted virtues of some Old South values and mores; the reality was often materialism and Babbittry. The dream had been of racial harmony and cooperation under white rule; the reality was rancor, hatred, and naked oppression.

In view of its dismal achievements, it seems astonishing that the favorable reputation of the New South crusade has endured for so long. Yet in the 1890s the myth that all was right, or rapidly becoming right, helped suppress agrarian revolts in the South; in the 1930s it fueled anguished outcries at the official finding that the South was still "the nation's No. 1 economic problem." Many in the South had convinced themselves that the old dreams of progress, prosperity, sectional reconciliation, and racial harmony were accomplished facts. The myth was so

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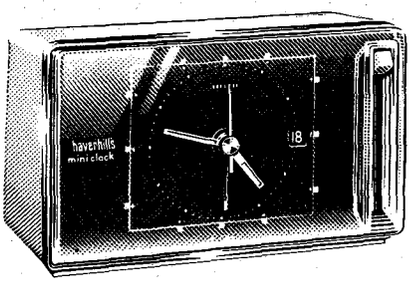

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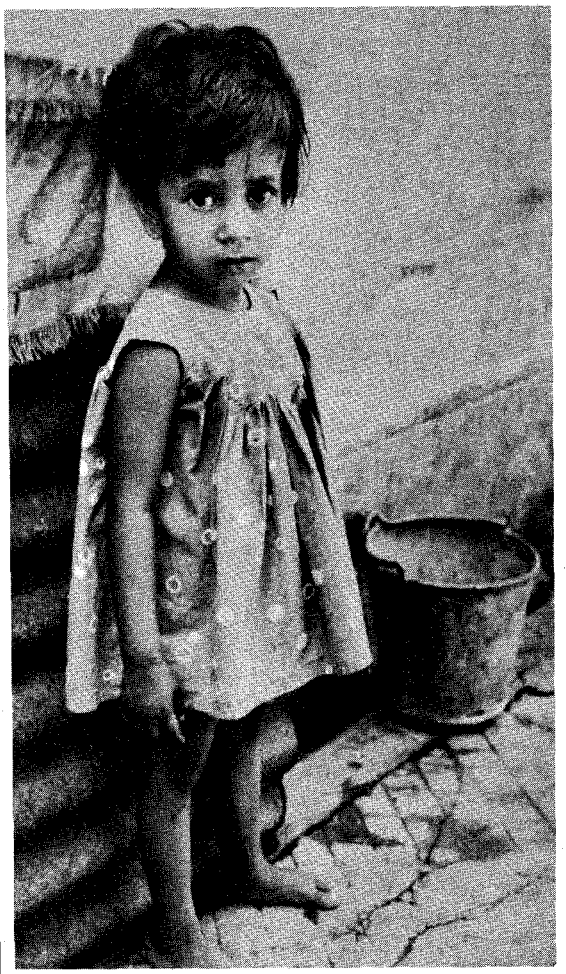
firmly established as to blind the region to how far it still had to go to attain its goals.

Although the myth of a New South had sometimes been consciously manipulated by its promoters, it was far more than a mere tool of exploitation. Like all true myths, it answered deep-felt psychic needs in the South – the need to build pride in past and present, the need to develop a sense of shared goals, the need to escape the South's "un-American" heritage of poverty and defeat and failure, the need to assuage nagging guilt over the condition of the Negro. Those same psychic needs exist today, and the myth of the New South lives on, in almost the same words as a century ago, in the speeches of public figures and the writings of regional apologists.

There have been several "New Souths" since Henry Grady's day, but the line of descent is direct. Probably not a single month has passed since *Appomattox* that some orator or writer has not proclaimed at least the imminence, if not the full-bodied existence, of a New South – a South turning its back on the past, casting off old prejudices and injustices, moving resolutely to march in step with the rest of the nation, if only the rest of the nation would give it the time and peace it needs. Today we hear the same cry from "moderate" governors like John McKeithen of Louisiana, a con-artist supreme who quotes Martin Luther King to justify segregation, or from a Southward-looking President like Richard Nixon, whose insistence on not discriminating against "the South" will perpetuate discrimination against Southern blacks.

Since such "forward-looking" and conciliatory words still sound more attractive than the open racism and defiant "Never!" of a George Wallace, the temptation is still strong to believe them, and the myth they reflect. But those familiar with the South know that despite many elements of newness, many encouraging signs of change, there is an awful lot of Old in even the newest New South. Paul Gaston, tracing the New South movement with greater thoroughness than any previous historian, not only tells us why the original New South dreams are still not fulfilled; he also prepares us to recognize and to understand the mythical and the misleading elements in even the most contemporary proclamations of a New South.



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David Bromwich: Reasoning with Unreason

Push Comes to Shove: The Escalation of Student Protest

by Steven Kelman

(Houghton Mifflin; $5.95)

Steven Kelman exhibits a good deal of concern for the Wider Implications of the Harvard crisis of April 1969, which is understandable and perfectly healthy. Unfortunately, he is led astray by the habit of drawing a lesson out of every fact, a habit that produces free-flowing generalizations that are not always a safe guide to the facts. The Weimar analogy comes to his lips too easily, for example; and to people who have known campus radicalism first hand the found parallels between Nazi youth and SDS *enragés* will be the least convincing part of the book. His analysis is tricked out with citations from Allen, Stern *et al.*, telling us, if nothing else, that here is one student who did the reading for Pol. Sci. 68b, Mass Movements (Germany). Elsewhere Kelman is less ambitious and better informed. He has been a socialist for as long as he can remember, and one admirable sentence from his introduction – "I know that the road to socialism does not pass by way of the destruction of Harvard" – might have served nicely as an epigraph.

Even to make this claim puts Kelman out of the speaking range of the dominant portion of radicals on campus, for whom the university is "a microcosm of society." How such an assertion could be tested no one ever bothers to say, but it is now gospel on the infantile Left and its recitation ends any number of discussions in record time. The so-called Eastern network built up by the Progressive Labor faction of SDS has utterly corrupted the language of debate, so it is no longer possible to be involved in decent university reform without taking a stand pro or con on the "ultimate" question of university demolition. Some of the junior commissars of PL were unkind to Kelman when he tried, fruitlessly, to reason with them at meetings that were billed as Open but run like mini-Chicagos.

What Kelman finds perplexing about the Harvard strike, and what made the recent strike at Yale odd in the same way, was the quick acquiescence of student moderates. At Harvard there was police violence, at Yale the *threat* of Black Panther and/or police trouble, but these go only part way toward explaining the attitude of sliding-with-events that prevailed on both campuses. Kelman thinks the moderates at Harvard were too comfortable to do anything except shut up while the crisis was growing; and after the police bust, the violence done to those who began the strike seemed a good reason for continuing it. But why, until the bust, did the majority of the students drift along in a policy of "active nonresistance?" Why wasn't SDS opposed by more people before it reached the point of liberating buildings? After a shrewd passage describing the complacency – hence the vulnerability – of moderate students, Kelman loses sight of this issue and goes into a not very surprising discourse on the true meaning of democracy, the horror of Leftist elitism, and things like that. But the real problem *is* political undereducation. Like those who, in the 1930s, discovered evil in society coincidentally as they became members of the Communist Party, the moderate student may be aware of Vietnam only vaguely, as something or other bad, until he sees his roommate tear-gassed and realizes that the Enemy was under his nose right along.

Kelman's account must also deal with a widespread misconception that the Harvard strike was a catharsis in some sort, of which the long run effects were plainly good. He gives a rather dismal picture of it all: students working themselves into a sleepless catatonia, attending teach-ins that bleared

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on through the night to be followed by "informed" votes; a " 'new college' Harvard where courses ranged from The History of the Self to The Political Relevance of Encounter Groups"; and so on. The events at Yale have generated their own myths which deserve to go down as such, i.e., that there was a grand alliance of liberals and radicals, symbolized in what are supposed to have been the unified cries of Kingman Brewster and the Panther leadership; that the majority of undergraduates voted to strike – in fact, the original strike votes were taken abruptly in the early hours of the morning and probably did not register more than half of the student body; that the leaders of the strike were consistent in their espousal of non-violence – actually, non-violence came as a last minute delight.

For the most part Kelman stays with his narrative of April 1969 and the history surrounding it, which is distinguished by uncommon sanity and wit even where the style seems a little uncertain. And the book does, after all, bring home the force of its most important lesson: that the last thing an irrational society can bear is an equally irrational mood of dissent. To the movement against that trend Kelman has made his contribution.

Stephen Diamond: A Chunky Uncle

Days of Life and Death and Escape to the Moon by William Saroyan

(Dial; $5.95)

William Saroyan has written a brief and delicate journal of what it's like waiting around to kick off.

It's not that Saroyan has given up the dance, no, not that, it's just that he's moved out of the spotlight and into that grey region of all of our lives, the sixth decade. Crossing into what must be considered the-beginning-of-the-end of one's life is a change which I've been curious about since I was 10. Now I'm 23. Saroyan is 62. I've learned one or two things about life, death, but what I really wish to learn from Mr. Saroyan's journal is the *Escape to the Moon* part. There is never any question as to the eventual outcome; Saroyan will die, it is written, a rule of the human condition. But in this journal he begins to define the grey and, in a country where age is despised, writing about the end of one's life is a dying art:

> I have now lived long enough to have noticed the arrival and departure of everybody. They came forward shining and went away faded or invisible. That's the thing about staying alive – you see *that*.

So begins the year-and-a-half diary, *Days of Life & Death & Escape to the Moon*, days when Saroyan's chunky Armenian body ambled about bookstores in Paris, and Fresno days pruning trees and drinking coffee with the relatives and their children. Saroyan reveals an important clue: he has little practical concern for the Future, his own or that of his friends. These daily notations tell nothing of plans for future work, Saroyan gives no suggestion of a feeling of work not done; perhaps the weighty list of his work in the front of the book cancels out the issue.

Days of Life & Death & Escape to the Moon is, above all else, charming in a way which transcends the complications of history. The story-teller has lived through two world wars, depressions, innumerable "acts of God" (as the insurance companies say), but the story is still the same: a man's movement through time and space toward his appointed end.

The back cover photograph of Saroyan shows the writer undoubtedly giving the punchline to a funny joke for he is grinning expansively; in his right hand he holds a plastic coffee cup, the type you find in diners these days, a tan holder with the dispensable cup. The picture gives off a vibration of Saroyan-as-uncle, the engaging story-teller, a man who recreates for one not the specific details of a past experience but the overall tone, the flavor of the moment. I'd like to hear Saroyan sing Armenian folksongs.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

DAVID BROMWICH *is an English major at Yale University.* DONALD M. CLARKE *attends the University of Wisconsin.* STEPHEN DIAMOND *is working on a book to be published by Seymour Lawrence/Delacorte Press early next year.* BRUCE W. EGGLER *is a free-lance writer in New Orleans.* PETER MEINKE *teaches at Florida Presbyterian College.*

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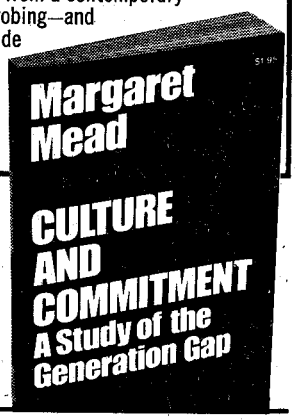

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Music

Bad Music News from Madison, Wisconsin

The classical record business in this country is in trouble, for a variety of reasons that were not touched on in a recent two-page spread in *Newsweek*.

Speaking as a harassed record-store clerk I must report a great deal wrong with the *product* of the business that's in trouble.

The *Newsweek* piece quotes a department-store record buyer as saying that sales of Boston Symphony Orchestra recordings are down because people do not want to buy German records. This can hardly be the case, since no B.S.O. recordings have been released on D.G.G. yet. Besides, any experienced record store clerk knows that customers ask for D.G.G. records by label, because the German pressings themselves are almost always flawless, while R.C.A. Red Seal hasn't put out a fine product for years. The reason Herbert van Karajan is the most oversold conductor of the century is because of the fine German engineering; by contrast, a few years ago, at a time when record buyers were investing in good high-fidelity playback equipment as never before, R.C.A. decided to engineer its recordings especially for its own department-store low fidelity consoles. They called it Dynagroove, and it was a large flop, with its muddy bass, muffled mid-range, and absent highs. More recent R.C.A. records do not carry the Dynagroove legend on the covers, but the engineering still isn't as good as it was in the early days of stereo.

More recent R.C.A. pressings, as well as other American-made records, are defective from the pressing plants more often than not. The *Newsweek* article complains that the R.C.A. recording of Elliot Carter's piano concerto (LSC-3001) has sold less than 5,000 copies since its release two years ago. At least two people on the staff at Discount Records, in Madison, Wisconsin, have been waiting the whole two years for a decent copy of the record. I sold a copy the other day to a young lady who was delighted to find the number in stock; the next day, she brought it back, heartbroken. She couldn't stand the surface noise. Since it is the only available recording of the piece, Mr. Carter is losing royalties.

- A lovely Tchaikovsky record by the Chamber Orchestra of Philadelphia (LSC-3020) and a Rimsky-Korsakoff 'Antar' symphony, coupled with an interesting piece by the obscure twentieth-century Russian Miaskovsky, conducted by Morton Gould (LSC-3022) have been available for a couple of years, but have not been found by rankled record buyers in editions free from defects. The Tchaikovsky disc, while still listed in Schwann, has actually been dropped from R.C.A.'s list, probably because of poor sales.
- More recently, the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy has recorded for R.C.A. the Mahler first symphony, complete with the beautiful 'Blumine' movement (LSC-3107) and the Shostakovich thirteenth symphony, 'Babi Yar,' with poems by Yevtushenko. (LSC-3162). These records have both received good reviews, but the sales figures are disappointing. Neither record has been available without the irritating surface noise. The reviewers, incidentally, rarely complain about the defects, leading one to conclude that they do not care about such things, or perhaps that they receive specially selected copies of the records.
- The Guarneri Quartet has recorded for R.C.A. two-thirds of the Beethoven string quartets; these recordings are available in two half-priced sets. As concert-goers know, the Guarneri's playing is elegant and superlovely; these sets (VCS-6415, 6418) should be good sellers, especially at the low prices, but they are not. The earlier of the two sets has been available for several years; all the copies of both sets have been afflicted with R.C.A.'s special noise. R.C.A., however is not the only offender.
- Westminster, which during the early fifties was one of the most prestigious of the independent classical companies, has under contract the popular soprano Beverly Sills. Her recital records sell fairly well, but her complete recording of Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux* has been a comparative bomb. Vocal fans are a breed apart, and will listen to their favorite

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singers under almost any circumstances; nevertheless, I have had customers who register great disappointment and refuse to buy the records when they find out that they are Westminsters. The Westminster recording of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, featuring Jan Peerce, conducted by Hans Knuappertsbusch, and recorded in good stereo sound, sells at a very special price – when it sells at all. The records are absolutely horrible.

- Philips-Norelco of Holland, one of today's international record companies, had such trouble with its manufacturing operation in this country that it had to throw in the towel, and now imports pressings from Holland, which are as fine as Deutsche Grammophon's, if not better. Last Christmas, many copies of the Colin Davis complete Handel *Messiah* were sold in domestic Philips pressings; as many as half of them were returned to dealers defective. Domestic Philips pressings still in the stores are avoided by customers as if they were rotten fruit, but at Discount in Madison we have already sold a dozen copies of the new Davis recording of the Berlioz opera *The Trojans*, a sumptuous, expensive five-record set, in flawless imported pressings. And we've only had it in stock for a week.
- Connoisseur Society, a respectable little operation out of New York, records the fascinating Czech pianist Ivan Moravec, as well as Flamenco guitarist Manitas de Platas, and others. This company goes to great lengths to capture the most realistic piano sound on records, and then apparently manufactures the records out of old poker chips. Every copy of Moravac's Beethoven sonata recordings, as well as his Chopin discs, which may be the best performances on records, are plagued with surface noise. We haven't sold any copies of his new Mozart record at all.

RCA's noise sounds like eggs frying in the background, and is loud enough to drown out quiet portions of the music. It is as if the records were purposely pressed with dust already in the grooves. American records in general are afflicted with all manner of pops and snicks; these sound like scratches, but are invisible to the naked inspecting eye. One of the steps in the transfer from master tape to disc is supposed to be the careful inspection by microscope of the metal-plated "mother," and the removal of defects by means of tiny tools. Apparently, either the record companies are skimping here on quality control, or the negative "stampers" (made from the "mothers") are being carelessly handled on their way to the pressing machines. Another common defect is sides pressed off center. This can be the most irritating defect of all, since it results in a wavery pitch when the record is played. To deepen the mystery, R.C.A., Westminster, and Domestic Philips all have their own low-priced lines (Victrola, Music Guild, and World Series, respectively), and while these lines are not free from problems, they are usually better than the full-priced records.

Westminster is now a part of ABC-Paramount, many of whose popular records (Bluesway, Impulse, etc.) are similarly plagued with problems, but pop buyers complain less.

None of this is necessary. Chuck Nessa, of Madison, operates a little record company out of his basement; he has issued two very interesting avant-garde, modern jazz recordings on his Nessa label. He has the records pressed in a little plant in Arizona, where he pays a dime more per disc for his product. But he has had 1000 copies of each release pressed, and he has not had one defective copy returned. This pressing plant reportedly spends most of its time pressing recordings of high-school recitals; it is possible to hear Johnny Jones playing some etude on a flawless pressing but not Ivan Moravec.

There are some grounds for cautious optimism. I have been corresponding with the president of a small classical company about the sound of some older re-mastered recordings; this gentleman's response to my complaints has been gratifying. Whether or not the correspondence will bear fruit in the form of better records remains to be seen, but this executive seems to be happy to get any kind of consumer response at all. It can't hurt to write letters. Perhaps more important is the introduction lately of some lightweight records by R.C.A. In an apparent effort to save money on vinyl, this company is making records almost as skinny as post-cards. Consumer reaction so far is vaguely negative, but more important than getting cheated out of some plastic is the fact that these records seem to have very good surfaces.

In the meantime, however, the domestic companies are losing sales to D.G.G., Telefunken, and several other European labels. London records sell better than Angels to customers in the know, because London's classical line is still pressed in England. When an imported record is defective, the next copy is likely to be a good one; when a domestic record is defective, the whole press run is likely to have the same defect. This is nothing but poor quality control.

Donald M. Clarke

Television:

Wormy Norms

Half the literates of the country will be annoyed by the recent standard for literacy promulgated by Louis Harris and Associates, namely, the capacity to fill out correctly "applications for a personal bank loan, a driver's license, a Social Security number, welfare aid and Medicare."

Why did Mr. Harris not first ask if the model forms were themselves literate? Since when do befuddled bureaucrats determine the course of language? And by what shenanigans was Louis Harris granted $40,000 by the National Reading Council to produce such nonsense? But the Harris impulse, exasperating as it may be to purists who think the bloody country is going to the dogs *because* its norms for literacy and everything else are established by devils, fools and machines with club feet – the Harris impulse is undoubtedly sound: if I can't make it with the Medicare commissariat I am a "functional" illiterate – and will probably starve – even though I can read Shakespeare at nine different levels.

Perhaps a new academic discipline needs to be created, in which the intellectual, spiritual and ethical merits

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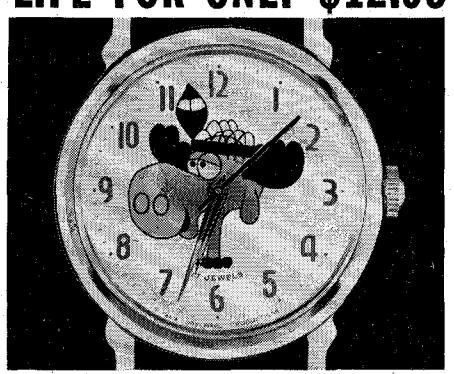

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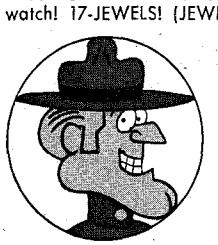

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of prevailing social norms are continuously investigated. What do the demands of the insane norms do to our tender private souls? If literacy is determined by Medicare, mathematical and economic competence determined by IRS, and standards of right and wrong by George Gallup and Mannix, where are we? – a discouraging discipline it would be.

Among its most discouraging areas of concern would be the good old tube. We don't, I think, understand the tube's norms well – the cynics dismiss TV as establishing a ten-year-old norm, the boosters deny its conditioning properties entirely – but we live with these norms far more intimately than with Medicare forms. TV's norms surround us like the weather. To put it differently, TV is one of a comparatively small number of windows opening out on the American's world. The issues of free speech, private enterprise, equal time and all the rest are continuing distractions from the crucial facts of the tube's enormous *presence*, and its manipulability (in most windows the view is just there). If St. George's dragon were with us now we could call for St. George; but with the basiliskish tube staring at us we seem only to be able to think of ways of feeding and currying it.

Procter & Gamble, Bristol-Myers – all the big sponsors – turn their sales problems over to Mad Ave; Mad Ave hires dozens of scholars like Louis Harris to ferret out and tame significant public norms; and the tube people themselves feel the popular pulse with the tenderness of a specialist waiting on a queen. All the lovely characters who manipulate the tube's world view thus deny that they are manipulators; they are merely 'umble servants of something (freedom or a buck) or someone (a divinely average someone; a norm). Nobody is in charge as the TV window fills with lies, with grotesque and simplistic images of middle-class life, with phony cuteness. Nobody is in charge, yet the nobody is insatiably preoccupied with chasing (and therefore creating) the faddish relevance that keeps half of America continuously thinking about the same things in the same way at the same time.

Our anarchist soul, stashed away in New York City (in Wall Street, in publishing and the press, in advertising and TV) demands the grand freedoms yet is constantly chained down to social and economic imperatives of the lowest order. We are fearful of open, above-board regulation, so allow ourselves to be regulated instead by cruel blind forces we have ourselves created.

We have substituted functional norms (like those for literacy discovered by Louis Harris) for the traditional and ideological norms of grandpappy, and the new norms are controlling us.

TV's problems are the country's, but TV, intelligently controlled could be a force running counter to the controlling norms, a force for freedom. Agnew is not wrong here, folksies, what is wrong is letting conservative politicians with blood in their eyes control the dimensions and character of the ideal image of control.

Sedulus

Correspondence

Real Majorities

Sirs:

In their "Strategy for Democrats" (August 15) Richard C. Scammon and Ben J. Wattenberg once again illustrate the faulty conclusions that can be reached by relying exclusively on projections from historical statistical data as a means for analyzing the future of electoral politics. The interesting quality of the future is the promise that the future will differ from the present and from the past. Unlike Scammon and Wattenberg, we believe that the reasons why voters in the 21 to 29 age bracket in 1968 failed to vote at the higher levels of those 30 and over are crucial in formulating both a winning and progressive strategy for the Democrats to recapture the White House in 1972.

A principal reason for this failure to vote at the percentage levels reached by older Americans was that many younger voters felt they had no one with whom they might identify and for whom they might vote in November, 1968. It is quite likely that a Democratic Presidential candidate who appeals to younger voters and who sponsors a vigorous registration campaign directed to them will be able to substantially increase their percentage participation at the polls. This development would be significant in view of the fact that US Census figures show that although voters under 30 cast 17 percent of the total vote in

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1968, they comprised 21 percent of the voting-age population in 1968. If the Supreme Court sustains the recent congressional statute lowering the voting age to 18, this will provide immediately a large number of new voters in the 18-21 range (10 to 12 million).

The authors tell us that there are only two "critical" questions to ask about young voters and their electoral impact: "Can they by their votes actually elect anyone? Can young people by their influence or activity get others to help elect a candidate? As to the first question, we are told that the answer is no because young voters do not comprise an absolute majority of the electorate and because they don't vote "monolithically." We would restate the first of these questions to read: "Can the Democratic candidate for President in 1972 excite enough interest among voters under 30 to increase the turnout enough and shift the party-vote distribution enough to win the election? The answer to this question is a resounding, yes! Only a modest increase in turnout or a modest shift in party preference would be necessary. Young voters do not need to vote monolithically to produce this result. To illustrate, Richard Nixon won 43.4 percent of the vote in 1968 to Hubert Humphrey's 42.7 percent. Voters under 30 cast 17 percent of the vote in 1968. It is self-evident that if younger voters had selected Humphrey in only very slightly greater numbers than they in fact did, he would have won the election.

It is in the authors' comments on the second "critical" question that they exhibit a particular myopia. As the authors admit, "the idea of mounting a troop of 5000 clear-eyed, articulate, appealing campaign workers in a state the size of New Hampshire" was "unthinkable" to professionals in 1968 – but highly successful. Yet the authors now posit a "kidlash" brought about by the events since 1968. There is little basis for believing that a troop of campaign workers similar to that used in New Hampshire would arouse a "kidlash" against a candidate today. Such workers won the 1970 Democratic primary for Bela Abzug in New York and almost won it for Peter Eikenberry. (Naturally a door-to-door campaign mounted by a group of Abbie Hoffmans in full hippie regalia would bring about a negative reaction.) There is no reason to believe that Americans in 1970 or 1972 will react distastefully to young, clear-eyed, and articulate campaigners, whereas in 1968 they reacted favorably.

The authors' comments about the radical left and the juxtaposition of their remarks with their comments about the young raise a host of questions. Who comprise the "radical left?" Who are those who adhere to "extreme left" positions? What are "radical beliefs?" The authors have lumped together "confrontation politics," with "confusing cops with pigs," "justifying riots," "sympathy for muggers and rapists," and "support of the drug culture or the gay culture" in defining the "radical left." Why should confrontation politics be lumped together with these other concepts? Is not confrontation traditional to American politics, and, indeed, one crucial element that has brought the workingman, the blacks, and other groups into fuller participation in our system? Why should one who believes in confrontation be labeled "radical left," a "crazy," and written off as a sympathizer with muggers and rapists who have no legitimate constituency. . . .

There are many different ways to mold a majority coalition to win a Presidential election and govern the country. None of these majorities is any more "real" than the others. We prefer a majority that can both win and deal with the problems of our society. We have had such majorities before; we can have them again.

Peter F. Rousselot
Raymond E. Vickery, Jr.

In reply:

If, indeed, younger voters were to turn out in greatly increased numbers, and if they were to vote heavily (not even massively) one way *or* the other, it would certainly have an effect.

My own guess, however, is that both premises, while certainly not impossible, are less likely, as indeed was the case with Goldwater in 1964. The language then was almost exactly the duplicate of Rousselot's and Vickery's, only then it was the American conservative who ". . . felt they had no one with whom they might identify and for whom they might vote in November, 1968. . .," substituting 1964 for 1968.

There is, of course, another point here which has real possibilities. The premise of many observers (including possibly your correspondents), is that American youth are left-oriented on Vietnam and will turn out heavily for a candidate who rejects this "immoral" conflict and promises to get out yesterday. But is this correct?

Let us examine a specific Gallup Poll in May of this year. To the query, "Do you think the US made a mistake sending troops to fight in Vietnam?," the response, nationally and by age, was:

	Yes	*No*	*No Opinion*
National	56%	36%	8%
Under 30	49	48	3
30 to 49	53	41	6
50 and over	61	26	13

Note that the *most hawkish group are those under 30.* Though the whole country shows a solid "Yes, it was a mistake" opinion, young people are almost evenly divided. Though those over 50 think our action was a mistake by better than two-to-one, young voters think so by one percentage point.

Richard Scammon
Washington, D.C.

Stabilizing the Economy

Sirs:

By quoting passages out of context, no doubt, the literature of the Audubon Society could be made to appear like a manual for hunters. In his letter to your journal (July 25), Jonathan Kesselman demonstrates his talent for such accomplishments by making my three-point program for full employment and price stability ("Stabilizing the Economy" NR, Jan. 31) seem like a costly scheme for unemployment and inflation, as if we didn't have enough right now. I shall refer briefly to his three main points.

One part of my program calls for creation of a National Service Administration (NASAD) which would guarantee jobs for all able to work (or training leading promptly to jobs), either in private industry, some branch of government, or in NASAD itself. By increasing the supply of skilled labor (through training) and by providing an automatic market for the unskilled (through guaranteed jobs), I have shown that inflationary pressures would be relieved. But Kesselman asserts that this measure would not be fully effective because I "forget" that inflation also springs from "monop-

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olistic and bargaining elements in labor and commodity markets." I did not forget. Kesselman simply neglects to mention that a second plank in my program provides for a direct government restraint on prices and wages to combat these other sources of inflation. Not only was this included in the article Kesselman discusses, but the proposal was elaborated in a later one ("Is Jawboning a Joke?" NR May 30).

Secondly, Kesselman says that my estimate of the cost of my program is "incredibly low," at $6 billion, and must represent a "miscalculation." As evidence he says that the Nixon welfare plan (now before Congress), very much more modest than mine, would cost $4.5 billion. But my figure, he neglects to mention, is *net* of offsetting savings, as I clearly point out. The *gross* cost of my plan (comparable to the Nixon figure) was estimated at from $15 to $20 billion. The $6 billion net estimate is obtained by deducting the cost of present training and welfare programs that would be displaced in whole or in part plus savings from the big reduction in unemployment insurance benefits that would be required when jobs were guaranteed.

Thirdly, Kesselman claims that my NASAD proposal would discourage work, presumably be "confiscating" the earnings of the poor. Here, Kesselman is guilty not of simply quoting out of context, but of plain misquoting. To put the facts very briefly, NASAD in my proposal would guarantee jobs or training to anyone who applied for assistance and was capable of work. For those certified as unable to work, welfare payments would be provided sufficient to bring them up to the poverty threshold. In addition, those whose earnings were insufficient for their family needs (judged by the government's poverty standards) would receive supplementary welfare benefits.

Now it is true that some needy citizens may refuse to accept jobs that are offered to them, even though they may be certified by the government as quite capable of employment. Such non-cooperators would of course have to be given a chance to appeal NASAD's decision. Assuming that the decision is upheld, those who persisted in refusing work would be given *reduced* welfare benefits – perhaps something in the neighborhood of the benefits provided in the Nixon welfare program, plus food stamps and a housing subsidy. Since this is less than half the $4000 or so minimum poverty threshold (for a family of four), effective for 1970-71, that would be guaranteed for others, there would indeed be a powerful financial incentive for people to work. Actually, I think most unemployed would welcome jobs if convinced the pay is fair and the work is useful and that the non-cooperator would be a rarity.

Melville J. Ulmer
University of Maryland

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Crazies?

Sirs:

The argument of Messrs Tessler and Hedlund that "Students Aren't Crazies" (Sept. 5) is an example of the faulty reasoning cloaked with the ensigns of science that has undermined the authority of academe among the public and often rendered it incapable of effective action.

With the superior air typical of academics, the authors attack the popular image of campus dissidents as spoiled brats or radicals, with that instrument of objectivity, the questionnaire. But alas, in their hands it appears to become only another piece of rhetoric. Item: The sample is drawn from two university campuses, which, we are assured, are not noted for radicalism. Well, in the absence of another poll that would establish empirically just what reputations the sample schools have, the authors should have mentioned their names so that the reader might judge for himself. Perhaps one of these schools is the University of Wisconsin, where the authors teach, and which could not be accurately described as "relatively placid." Item: The authors conclude from their sample that "American students are relatively united in their opposition to the war." Yes, and if 70 percent of the folks in Des Moines dislike discrimination, and 73 percent of Chicagoans do too, then Americans are relatively united in their dislike for discrimination. Item: "For over two-thirds of the sample, there was little or no difference between a student's own opinion and the views that he perceived his parents to hold." From this statistic it is inferred that most Moratorium supporters were not estranged from their parents by political differences. Nevertheless, only four percent of the students favored Nixon's "war policy" at the same time that it was approved by 52 percent of the general public. It would thus seem that the parents-of-students population is not representative of the general public by a wide margin. Could it be that blacks overwhelmingly support Nixon's "war policy"? Or perhaps the authors constructed their questionnaire so as to elicit the results they wanted?

Anyone who has observed the Moratorium movement on campus knows that it is not exclusively nor even primarily the work of "crazies," and that at moments it has enlisted the sympathies of a broad spectrum of students and faculty. In this respect our political scientists have only confirmed common opinion. But by the *legerdemain* of scientific flag waving, the triviality of the result is concealed, and the data are used to argue, contrary to popular belief, that the impetus of campus dissent comes from average, responsible, Middle-America students. The authors might just as plausibly argue that the Nazis were decent and honorable men because they were supported at one time or another, by many decent, honest people.

I suggest that the authors draw the

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wrong conclusion from their study. They write that "the community must be forced to take a hard look at student dissent and to replace its stereotyped view of the university with an understanding that has some factual basis." The fact is, however, that the barbarisms of campus radicals have "forced" the community to realize that there is a destructive spirit abroad in the university, although some professors, despite the empirical evidence, refuse to recognize it. The authors should have concluded that the low estate of the university in the public mind is the direct political consequence of the politicization of the university. Only a "pointy-headed intellectual" could persuade himself that by more politicization, the public can be "forced" to change its opinion.

Hiram Caton
Penn State University

Kauffmann, *from page 21*

lar.) There is much material – bowling-alley and trailer-home ugliness – to suggest that the modern US is Bobby's cross; but he never endorses this. On the contrary, he relishes it all – including the bowling and a fistfight – with sensual delight. The script harries him further: it excludes any kind of opportunity for him. Rayette is vapid; his brother is stuffy; his father, with whom he has never been close, can't even speak; the brother's fiancée insists – quite rightly, I should think – on staying with the brother and not going off with Bobby, but is supposed to be cowardly and square because of her decision. There is, in fact, no person of any class – excepting his sister – who is really fit to be on the same earth with Bobby.

And the contrasts between the prole life and the *very* highbrow life exclude alternatives. This arbitrary juxtaposition of extreme strata, as if they represented the entire world, has the flavor of melodramatic fiction: the jungle and Mayfair of Tarzan.

Also the script has too much of a fondness for "colorful" vignettes, a rather facile way both of jabbing up interest and seeming to tell encyclopedic truth. The lady hitch-hiker's diatribe about filth, a party girl's story about her chin dimple, are vaudeville acts of verity, easy ways to score. There is a scene with "intellectuals" near the end which is even worse because the vignette given that fine actress, Irene Dailey, is quite incredible.

Rafelson has evidently been ardent (and tasteful) in his filmgoing. The pair of hitch-hikers are handled in a way reminiscent of the way Bergman handled his different pair in *Wild Strawberries*. Bobby pushes his father's wheelchair across the horizon in what seems a clip from Fellini's *Juliet of the Spirits*. Rafelson has presumably remembered Truffaut's *Shoot the Piano Player* in this story of a former concert pianist (although Truffaut provided more connection between his hero's two worlds) and, as director, he has learned from Truffaut and Godard about the use of peripheral characters – a straw boss, a figure in a doorway in a recording studio – as contributors to both reality and mystery.

But Rafelson is very clearly trying to use what he has learned as his own, not merely in imitation. And *Five Easy Pieces* is particularly welcome because it is something still rare in American films – a personal picture, made primarily because it says something that its makers wanted to say. It can be analyzed and criticized, not dismissed. Its overall effect can be questioned because of some sentimental mod assumptions, but many sequences crackle with intelligence and talent. Rafelson and Nicholson are members of a new producing group, which has so far made *Head* and *Easy Rider* and this film. I'm glad they exist, I wish them long life, and I hope they improve, all three.

As for the meaning of the title, several guesses are possible, including a sexual one and a reference to a piano album for beginners. But those are only guesses: I don't really know what it means.

P.S. Now I know. I've met Bob Rafelson and he tells me that my second guess was right.

"EARLY ON FRIDAY *it was obvious to Harold Wilson that he was doomed, and he must have been itching to concede defeat, go to the Palace and get the hell out of it. When the moment came, the Queen had gone racing — peculiar behavior for a woman with a high reputation for putting duty before pleasure. Perhaps she considered Royal Ascot as a duty and accepting Wilson's resignation as a pleasure.*"

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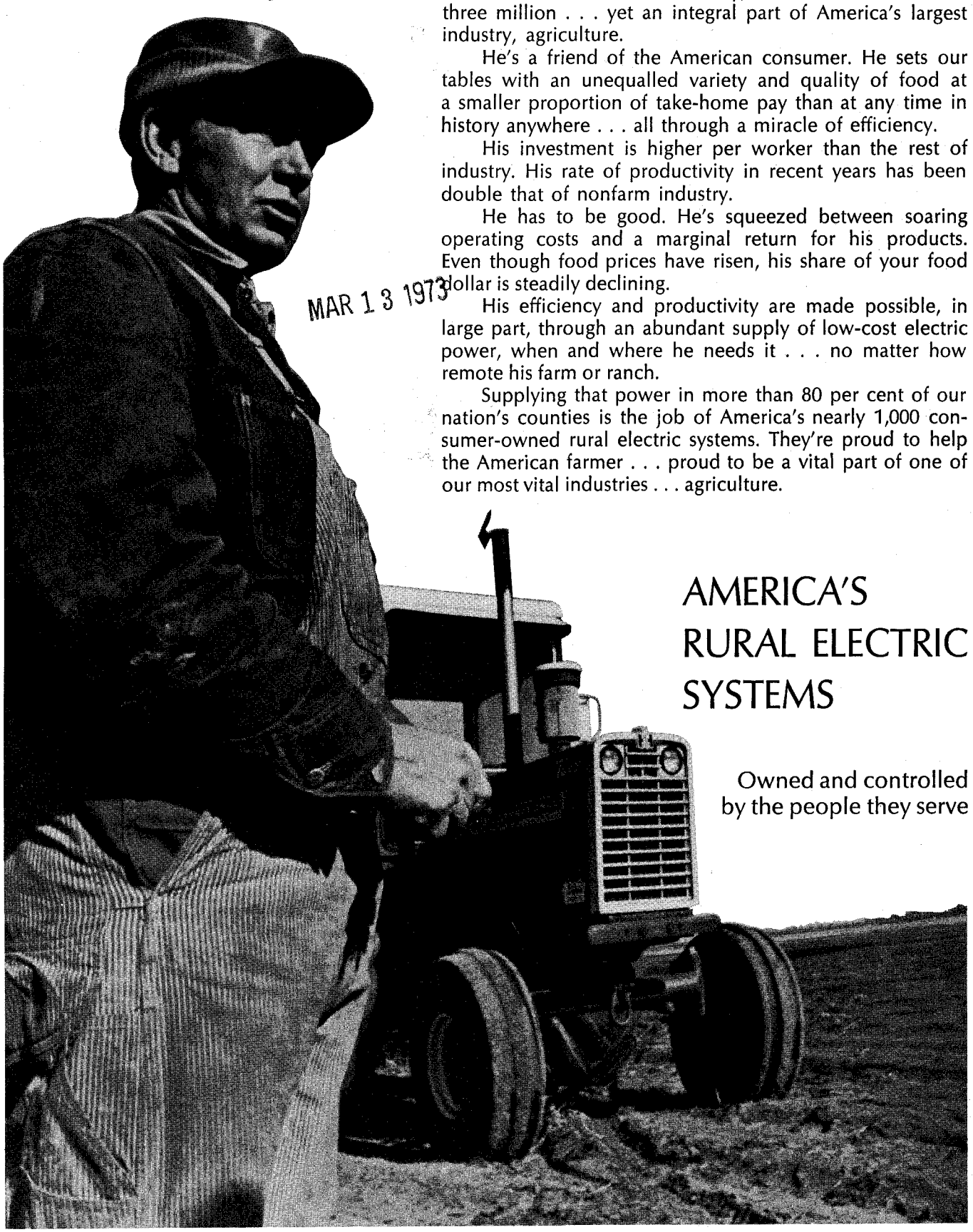

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